

VOL. IX.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1881.

NO. 17

TELEGRAPHIC.

A Financial Statement.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—Checks were prepared at the treasury yesterday for \$716,605 and for \$34,000,214 to-day, for the redemption of bonds included in previous calls, and which have only just been presented for redemption. There are in all above \$21,000,000 in bonds still outstanding, but which have been called in, and on which interest has ceased. Some of these bonds should have been presented for redemption eleven years ago. Provision has been made for the redemption of all of them whenever presented, but judging from the lapse of time since interest has been paid on some of them, there are many bonds outstanding which will never be called on to redeem.

Preparing to Entertain.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—The chamber of commerce held a special meeting this afternoon to decide on arrangements for participations in the courtesies tendered by Gov. Cornell to the French delegation and other visitors coming to this country to take part in the Yorktown celebration. Resolutions were adopted expressing the desire of the Chamber to participate in the welcome and courtesies to the French representatives and other foreign guests, and providing for the appointments of a committee to confer with the commissioners appointed by the Governor as to the manner in which the Chamber may most appropriately join in the proposed festivities.

Benevolent Catholics.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 29.—The Irish Catholic Benevolent Union closed its thirteenth annual session here to-day. The following officers were elected: President, Hon. A. M. Kelly, Richmond, Va.; Vice-President J. C. Sullivan, Zanesville, Ohio, and Chas. E. Frank, of West Minister, Indiana; Secretary, Martin Griffin, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Treasurer, Rev. James Henry, St. Louis. Favorable reports were received from the colonies of the union in Virginia, Kansas and Nebraska. Resolutions of sympathy for the family of President Garfield and the endorsement of the Irish land league agitation, were adopted.

Fatal Collision.

AYLMER, Sept. 29.—An excursion train on the Air line to the exhibition grounds in London came into collision to-day with a freight train, at Orwell, two and one-half miles from this place. Five out of nine passenger coaches were completely wrecked and two passengers killed outright. Several are missing and supposed to be buried in the wreck. About twenty are seriously wounded, and a large number slightly. The dead are Willie Cook, of Alymer Wamsley and son, the driver and fireman of the excursion train and two young men names unknown.

The Races.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—On the Coney Island course the one mile race was won by Rob Roy first, Witchcraft, second, Bernantine, third. Time 1:46 3/4. The mile and one-eighth race resulted as follows: Gov. Hampton, first, Mary Anderson, second, Haldon, third. Time, 1:58 1/4. The mile and a quarter race resulted: Bonesetter, first, King Nero, second, Man itou, third. Time, 2:15.

Money Makes the Mare Go.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 29.—It was given out to day that the McCoalmons of London, large holders of Reading stock had sent three millions of dollars worth of the Reading road to this country to be changed to stock for the purpose of voting at the January election in case such action were necessary to control rates and sustain the present board.

A Double Murder.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Sept. 29.—At the magistrate's court of Burke county, yesterday, Chas. J. Walker wounded Mike Smith, who then killed Walker, and Ed Palmer shot and instantly killed Arthur Smith. The difficulty grew out of a horse case.

Another Tribute.

LONDON, Sept. 29.—On the occasion of his installation, Rev. James Flemming, Cannon of York, concluded his sermon with a tribute of profuse sympathy at the death of the Christian soldier and citizen, President Garfield.

Capt. Paul Boyton.

At 8 o'clock Wednesday evening he arrived here from Glendive, having made

the entire distance by water in ten days. Mr. Boyton left Glendive on the 17th inst., his little boat "Baby Mine," being richly decorated by the hands of a daughter of Col. Lewis Merrill. He ran, all that day, under severe difficulties on account of the low stage of water, and the numerous rapids and bends, and on several occasions was obliged to strip himself off the rocks. He found, much to his annoyance, that he could not possibly locate himself on the map, the banks being so high, the water so low, and the river making such extraordinary bends. Camped that night at seven o'clock, and built a fire alongside a cottonwood log, dried his clothing, and then retired. During the night he was awakened by a loud splashing in the water, and upon raising up found that a large elk was floundering around near him. He fired at the animal and wounded it, and hoping to catch it, followed it some distance. Upon his return he found, to his horror, that one of his paddles was burned, and this nearly 100 miles from anywhere. He had to lash up his paddle as best he could, and launched himself at 5 a.m. and the Baby got on a rock and upset. Mr. Boyton lost his bugle, headlight and thermometer in the upset. Ran all day without meeting a human being; saw large quantities of game, but restrained from shooting, and enjoyed himself by blowing his bugle and watching them scamper into the timber. Camped in the mud at 7 p.m., and passed a comfortable night. Started again at 5 a.m. on Monday, and at 7 o'clock in making a cut-off, snagged himself and tore his suit. Although not twenty yards from shore, the suit filled with water to his chin before he could get on terra firma. Here he built a fire, repaired his suit, and resumed his voyage. While rounding a point he looked up and perceived that an Indian had him covered with a rifle, and what he knew of Indian gibberish was brought into use at once. It consisted of the simple word "how," but he yelled it for all he was worth, and the Indian skipped. At 6 o'clock p.m. he arrived at Buford, where he was nicely received and entertained. Here he laid off until Tuesday, and upon his departure was presented with an excellent new paddle. Left Wednesday morning and continued on his trip all day and part of the night, carefully dodging snags. At 12 o'clock, midnight, ran across a small steamer and hailed her, but received no answer. Camped that night but was tormented by coyotes and wild geese to such an extent that he could not sleep. Toward morning he lit up the stove in the Baby and made some soup from extract of beef. Looked all the next day in vain for some one to tell him where he was. At 4 p.m. Thursday he met the steamer Eclipse, above Berthold 100 miles. Camped that night on the west side of the river. Got into the water next morning at 3 o'clock, and at 10 a.m. found that his suit was leaking, and went ashore for repairs. Re-entered the water at 11 a.m. and ran all day, striking a camp under a bluff. Left next morning at 4 o'clock, and soon ran across a trapper, who, upon seeing Boyton, ran back and got his rifle, and prepared for business. Boyton assumed a horizontal position and assured the trapper that he was human, whereupon the trapper remarked that he thought it was a bear on a log. At 11 a.m. met the steamer Rose Bud and he was informed that he was sixty-five miles above Berthold. At 8 p.m. ran across the steamer Black Hills, which was on a sand bar. He boarded her and was handsomely entertained. Sunday morning he left the steamer and reached Berthold at 3 p.m., where the citizens turned out en masse to welcome him. Here he fired a signal rocket, and the Indians set him down as had medicine at once; but afterward they evidently considered him good medicine, for they stole all the trinkets he had in the Baby. Was the guest of W. B. Shaw's deputy over night, and left the next morning at daylight. Between Berthold and Stevenson he had a narrow escape from being shot by a young Indian, who was puzzled to know what sort of an animal it was, but the word "how" seemed to assure him that everything was as it should be, and he disappeared. At Stevenson Mr. Boyton was met by Lieut. Van Orsdel and taken to his residence, where he was highly entertained. Left Stevenson Tuesday morning with the determination to reach Bismarck without stoppage, but as the weather was very unpleasant he stopped at a wood ranch about three hours, and at 3 a.m. entered the water again, with a strong and cold wind in

his face. From his starting from the wood ranch until reaching the N. P. transfer at the levee, he never saw a human being. He went aboard the transfer and was handsomely entertained by the genial Capt. Wolfolk. Mr. Boyton will leave here at 2 p.m. to-day for his trip to St. Louis, which will be made in the same manner as the one from Glendive to this point.

Garfield's Turning Point.

Mason's newly published life of Garfield says: His first contract for work was with his cousin, for whom he engaged to cut a hundred cords of wood for \$25. He was not 16 years of age. The wood overlooked Lake Erie, and the sight of the blue water, and the ships entering and leaving the port of Cleveland revived the longing for a seafaring life, which the reading of books of voyages and adventures had inspired. He resolved to become a sailor, and, as soon as his task was completed, he walked to Cleveland and went on board a schooner lying at the wharf. The crew were intoxicated, and the captain gave evidence of being a man of coarse nature and brutal passions. This damped his ardor, and the same day, meeting another cousin who owned a canalboat plying between Cleveland and Pittsburgh, engaged himself as driver. Three months later he was carried home to his mother sick with malarial fever, and in a state of unconsciousness. This illness, and the five months of convalescence during which his mother nursed him back to health, proved a great turning point in his life. The opportunity for which she had prayed was given, and while with tender care she nursed him, she sought to plant in his mind higher aims in life than his boyish dreams had pictured to him. The schoolmaster aided her in these endeavors, and as soon as James was sufficiently recovered he entered the seminary of Geauga, fourteen miles distant, as a student. His whole stock of money was \$17, but he rapidly acquired what proved of more value than money—a knowledge of Latin, Greek and mathematics. There was an end to his idea of the sea, and his thirst for knowledge grew day by day. His means were very limited but during vacation he employed himself in teaching, and during harvest in farm work.

The Material of Vanderbilt's New Home.

[Troy Times.]

Vanderbilt has been criticised because he went to Europe with Herter to order all the glassware, chandeliers, hangings, marble work and much of the furniture. Having made his money in America, he ought to spend it here, it has been said. The only art work done in this country for the house are the bronze railings around the house, and the bronze cresting around the roof. This work was done in nine months by a Philadelphia firm for \$42,000. It was offered to Mitchell & Vance, of New York, who declined it because it was stipulated that it should be done in three months. The chandeliers including one of solid silver weighing half a ton, for the hall room or picture gallery, are now being made by Barbedienne of Paris. Vanderbilt has two of Herter's men scouring Europe for whatever may be unique in furniture. Cost is said to be of no importance whatever. "The more the house costs the better," Vanderbilt is said to have remarked to an old friend disposed to lecture him on the sin of extravagance. From careful estimates it is thought that the three houses on that one plat of ground will have cost when ready for house-warming about \$4,500,000—not one year's income of this same Billy Vanderbilt, who twenty-five years ago was hard pressed to pay taxes on his farm, and, perhaps, wondered why a poor man like him had ten children to support.

A Minneapolis Mill.

A monster mill is to be built in Minneapolis, which will turn out five and a half barrels of flour per minute, 333 barrels an hour, 8,000 barrels per day, 2,400,000 barrels a year. It will require 10,000,000 bushels of wheat a year to supply it, and the value of its annual product will be at least \$14,000,000. It will make one-third of the present wheat crop of Minnesota into flour, and require an army of men to carry on the work growing out of its operations.

Protection for Arthur.

The following proclamation, printed in black on white paper, with a heavy black border, was circulated in Washington on the night of the president's death: Fellow citizens: In the name of the now head-

less trunk of the republic, you are called upon to join in a minute's notice the holy alliance of vigilants in order to shield and guard until congress provides one the only life that stands at this hour under the constitution between order and anarchy. Let us see to it that peace be to the ashes of him now canonized in the hearts of his countrymen, that his sacred dust shall not be scattered to the four winds by factions or revolution. "God reigns and the government still lives." Address secretary of National Minute Men of America, 208 1/2 Thirteenth street.

Capt. Paul Boyton's Lecture.

By invitation of the citizens of Bismarck, Capt. Paul Boyton last evening gave a thrilling narrative of his travels and adventures in his rubber life-saving suit through Europe, Asia, South America and the United States, at the Bismarck Opera House. He described his adventures from the famous landing on the stormy coast of Ireland to his knighthood by Mercedes, the beautiful young queen of Spain; his fight with sharks in the straits of Messina; roughing it in rubber on the rivers Rhine, Rhone, Po, Danube, Tagus, Tiber, Seine, Nile, Straits of Gibralter, and the Guadalupe; the story of his struggle across the English Channel. He exhibited his celebrated little boat "Baby Mine," and showed the audience how he could camp out, build a raft, cook a meal, hunt and fish without leaving the water.

Dawson Townsite.

J. W. Brundage, a property owner in Dawson, D. T., was in the city last evening en route to Glendive and the N. P. extension, on a visit to Col. V. Beausenwein. Mr. Brundage speaks in glowing terms of the future of Dawson, and in conversation with him the following facts were gleaned: A new depot building 24x30 has just been completed, and is one of the best on the road. H. B. Phillips' new store is finished, and well stocked with general merchandise. The finishing touches are being applied to the residence of J. A. Coulter, and the elegant and spacious residence of J. Dawson Thompson is about completed.

A large hotel will be erected this fall, where the traveling public will find excellent accommodations, and sportsmen will make their headquarters. A residence for Dr. W. J. Calvert will soon be commenced and three or four other dwellings will be constructed before the close of navigation, as Jack puts it.

Dawson is located about midway between Bismarck and Jamestown, is surrounded by a beautiful expanse of agricultural lands, with coteaus on the north and south, and there are several fine lakes in the county which abound in game of almost every description.

The Preachers.

Pat Donan, in the Fargo Argus, says of the members of the Minnesota Methodist conference, now in that city:

Poor fellows. Zion's cavalry. A hard and thankless life, in many respects, is theirs. Shifting and changing, moved hither and thither so rapidly and so constantly, that their children never have a native place, but gypsy-like hail from anywhere and everywhere along the roadside. Scanty salaries, seedy hats, slop-shop trousers worn slick and greasy with age and use. Old fashioned bonnets for their wives. Faded, turned up-side down and wrong side-out, made-over dresses for their daughters. Jackets cobbled out of

DADDY'S OLD COAT, for their boys. Cramping, economizing, twisting, turning, saving the last meager remnant and scrap. Expending all the energies of mind and heart, throat, trachea, glottis, epiglottis, esophagus and larynx. Laboring morning, evening, noon and midnight. Warning the unrepentant. Exhibiting the wavering. Cheering the drooping. Sprinkling, affusing or submerging the newly converted. Visiting those that mourn. Consoling the bereaved. Strengthening the dying. Always ready to

ENTERTAIN ANGELS UNAWARES, but generally finding their angels ungrateful mortals. Always prepared to sympathize with the sorrowing, to pray with the afflicted, to share their slender store with the needy, and to pat on the head and "God bless" any and every scab-nosed, dirty-faced little imp their infatuated mothers see fit to inflict upon their presence.

All to save a few dozen dwarfed and shrunken infinitesimal nineteenth-century souls. Souls of governors and congressmen, LEGISLATORS AND OTHER GREAT SINNERS. Souls of scoundrelly politicians, unscrupulous tradesmen and miserly grovelers, of flash-necked snobs and of fashion's frivolous, paint-bedizened, gewgaw-sporting butterflies. Souls around which the hide of a Red river mosquito would bob like the shirt of Tom Thumb's baby. Souls that put up at auction would not bring three second-hand postage stamps in any enlightened market. Souls that Beelzebub would have to put on forty-mile-power microscopic spectacles to find.

HAVE A CHEW.

Some of the Tricks of the Tobacco Trade—Slippery Elm, Rag Weed, Etc., as Adulterants.

[Boston Herald.]

An average plug tobacco manufacturing establishment works about 200 hands. The tobacco is sorted into four grades, from which are produced as many as seventy-five different brands, the pencil of the artist and the skill of the photographer being liberally brought into requisition for ornamental designs to catch the toothless old man as well as the precocious boy. While the government requires every package to bear the stencil mark of the manufacturer, it would be supposed that none but straight goods would be put up: but it is with tobacco as with whisky—always a fair demand for the stuff, be it ever so vile. Licorice, oils, molasses, glucose and similar sweets are liberally used by some manufacturers, and, while it is certainly a cheat, it is as well a harmless one. For example: On August 29, Virginia plug was quoted at 4@4½ cents. Government tax added 16 cents yet the manufactured product was quoted as low as 17 cents. Evidently the work-up of these plugs had the tobacco chewer by the lug.

But in fine cut tobacco and cigars is where the greatest deception is practiced. A western manufacturer says that there is no end to the adulteration of fine cut goods. Machinery has been so improved that, as he says, with one pound of tobacco liquor obtained by boiling down stems and refuse leaf, one pound of rag weed and one pound of slippery elm bark, \$5 worth of fine cut chewing tobacco can be produced. The suggestion of slippery elm bark was a new one, and the inquiry was pursued farther. He said it was nicely shaved and mixed with tobacco; that it had a pleasant sweet taste, held the tobacco together and made the "quid" last a long time. This bark costs about 4 cents a pound, and when a third of it is made to replace tobacco that costs as high as 75 cents a pound, one can easily see the enormous profits resulting. A gentleman who knows says that nearly all the slippery elm trees in Ohio, Indiana and Michigan have been denuded of their bark, yet a leading wholesale druggist affirms that 50,000 pounds of slippery elm bark would, for the legitimate druggist and medicinal trade, glut the entire market of the United States.

In cigars, cheroots, cigarettes and smoking tobacco is probably where the public gets robbed the worst. The cunning devices are so many that even good judges are imposed upon. It used to be a boast among gentlemen that they could always select a fine brand of cigars, and of course they smoked no other. The other day an old smoker, whose devotion to the weed cost him five dollars every week, admitted that he couldn't tell Havana filled from Connecticut filled. The dishonest article, however, is the product of the big manufacturers, for the small country manufacturer cannot afford the machinery, nor conceal the lotions and decoctions that are brought into requisition by his wealthier competitor. It is quite safe to assume that about the purest—not the poorest, for it there is one thing impure, it is tobacco—the honestest cigar is the hand-made cigar of the local manufacturer.

Ticklers.

A horse dealer was asked if an animal he offered for sale was timid. "Not at all," said he; "he often passes many nights by himself in the stable."

He who begins with a child and carries him shillfully through the first fifteen years of his life, does the greatest thing that is ever done for him.

Grace—"I am going to see Clara to-day. Have you any message?" Charlotte—"I wonder how you can visit that dreadful girl. Give her my love."

"I smell sumfin' a burning," remarked an aged negro, who sat at the camp fire toasting his extremities. "Gosh!" he added a moment later, with a loud yell, "its dis niggah's own fut!"

If you grasp a rattlesnake firmly about the neck he cannot hurt you, says a western paper. To be perfectly safe, it would be well to let the hired man do the grasping.

"I say, Clem," cried two disputing darkies appealing for decision to a sable umpire; "which word is right—dizactly or deazactly?" The sable umpire reflected a moment, and then, with a look of wisdom, said: "I can't tell, perzactly."

The Bismarck Tribune.

BISMARCK, DAKOTA

Our Lamented President.

The Elaborate and Beautiful Decorations in the Cemetery Where the Remains are to be Deposited.

IN CLEVELAND.

MORNING SCENES.

Special Telegram to the Pioneer Press.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 24.—The Cleveland & Pittsburgh railroad cuts the beautiful Euclid avenue in twain. A handsome depot has been erected, and the residents of the upper part of town take the cars here. At 11 o'clock this morning soft dirges and the dull resonance of muffled drums were heard in the streets, and bodies of armed and uniformed men were seen marching toward the east, with their banners draped in mourning and festoons of crape upon their arms. The streets were crowded with teams, and the sidewalks with pedestrians. Along Euclid avenue stands were erected for the accommodation of spectators, all of which were handsomely draped with crape and flags. The elegant mansions which line the avenue were also clad in robes of mourning, the designs in many cases being beautiful and the fabrics costly.

THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE was composed of the leading business men of Cleveland, headed by William Edwards, a partner of Congressman Townsend. There had been rumors that the train was behind time and that a wreck near Altona had delayed it four hours, but R. F. Smith, the general manager of the road, received a telegram that the lost time had been made up and that the train would be on time, as it was. The engine was a mass of crape. At the head of the boiler, under the head light, hung an excellent portrait of the late president, and the festoons of crape that swung upon either side found their center here, falling in great, solemn folds around the pilot, and bounding gathered in festoons around the driving wheels. The tender was heavily laden with the same fabric, and in each of the panels of the cars was a large rosette of black with a white center. Wide bands of bunting were stretched the entire length of the cars above and below the window, so that very little of the wood work was visible. A squad of policemen kept the crowd back, so that the sad occupants of the car could find their way to the carriages in waiting. The first man to appear was

THE GOVERNOR OF OHIO, Charles Foster, in a suit of dead black, with a broad band of crape around his hat. He alighted from the first car, which contained the precious dust, and the committee of state officers and citizens of Cleveland, who had gone to meet the remains at the Pennsylvania line, followed him out and took their places in line as directed by the reception committee. Then a vision in blue and gold appeared at the rear of the train, and a column of ten men in resplendent uniforms came marching up to the funeral car. First came Gen. Sherman, haggard, and as usual careless of the location of his hat. He had not been shaved for a week, and a thick growth of gray stubble upon his face did not correspond with the burnished gold of his sash and the gloss of his plume, fresh from the hands of his valet. Leaning upon his arm was Rear Admiral Rogers, a venerable gentleman with a rosy face, wearing almost as much gold lace as the head of the army. Following closely after them, arm in arm, came Gen. Sheridan and Admiral Rowan. But the most conspicuous man in the most conspicuous group trod closely upon Sheridan's heels; a massive frame bore his uniform well, and an ox-like head was carried high in air. The face was large and full, and the small, deep-set eyes drooped toward the ground. It was a familiar face, and as it loomed up over little Sheridan, every man in the crowd exclaimed unconsciously and under his breath,

"THERE'S HANCOCK."

He seemed to shrink instinctively from the gaze of 3,000 or 4,000 eyes that were turned upon him, but he was so masterly in appearance and loomed up so formidably among his fellows, that concealment was impossible. Commodore English of the navy hung upon his arm, and seemed a pigmy beside a giant. The next couple were Surgeon General Wales of the navy, who tried hard to get into the corps of physicians when the president was shot, and Quartermaster Gen. Meiggs, who looks like an old Roman in pantaloons instead of toga. Meiggs is bearded and uneven always, but was more bearded and uneven than usual to-day. The familiar face of Adjutant General Drum appeared next. His escort was Pay Director Tooker, and they, with the others named, composed the guard of honor. They stood in two lines flanking either side the door of the funeral car, through which the casket was to come. Gen. Drum whispered a word to Lieut. Edgerton of the Second artillery, a pale looking young man, who sprang up the steps of the car, and in an instant the foot of the coffin appeared, borne by eight soldiers of the United States army in fatigues uniform, wearing only their side arms and their carbines and helmets as white as snow. A couple of solemn-looking undertakers stood by in white kid gloves that seemed to have been chosen without regard to size. When the soldiers started toward the hearse, bearing the casket upon their shoulders, the generals and the admirals closed up on either side as if to

GUARD THE SACRED DUST

from contaminating contact. While all this was going on the people who were looking toward the rear end of the train saw a fair-sized man in glossy broadcloth, whose silk hat was bound, like Foster's, with a wide band of crape, step down to the platform carrying an overcoat on his arm and look around in an inquiring way as if he expected some one to greet him. But he had the platform all to himself. The gaze of the bystanders was riveted upon the coffin bearers. This was ex-President Hayes. Pretty soon Secretary Windom stepped from the car, looking a little pale and showing the loss of a little flesh. He grasped the arm of the ex-president, and turning their back upon the crowd, they walked slowly toward the far end of the platform. As soon as the casket was placed in the hearse the four black horses that drew it were led away

under the shade of some maples to await the rest of the procession. A close carriage with a monogram upon the door was driven up. A grey bearded gentleman, wearing a badge, walked rapidly to the second car of the train and made a motion. Secretary Blaine alighted and assisted a slender woman robed in the deepest black, to descend the steps. Her head was veiled so that her features were entirely concealed and she leaned heavily upon the arm of a robust boy, whose face was ruddy but whose eyes were red. Mr. Blaine supported her upon the other side, and the three stepped rapidly toward the open carriage, followed by two colored women and a man laden with wraps and travelling bags. The gray bearded man sprang into the carriage after the veiled lady, shut the door carefully, and as the horses trotted rapidly away, he pulled down the silken curtains to hide the widow's sacred tears.

MR. BLAINE,

as usual, was a study. He was pale as a statue. His face was thin and his eyes had dark circles under them. His hair and beard were trimmed closer than usual, which aggravated his haggardness. He shook hands with three or four gentlemen and then stepped into a carriage to which some one directed him. The remainder of the cabinet, with their ladies, hurried from the train, and being assigned to carriages were driven rapidly away. The attorney general went back to the train twice to get parcels that had been forgotten, and Secretary Lincoln, who was warmly welcomed by a number of friends, escorted Mrs. Blaine from the cars to the carriage of Amasa Stone, to whose residence she and the Lincolns were immediately driven. The two Rockwells, Gen. Swain, Col. Corbin, and Dr. Boynton, who are known as the "chime cabinet," alighted from the train with Mollie Garfield and were taken charge of by a reception committee, as were also Chief Justice Waite, ex-Justice Strong, Justice Stanley Mathews and Justice Harlan. The hospitable citizens of Cleveland opened their houses to these distinguished guests. Mrs. Garfield and her son and daughter were escorted to the residence of Mr. James Mason, where Jimmie, the eldest son, who has been ill at Williams' college, was awaiting them. He arrived on the train from the east at 7 this morning, tired and travel-worn, and found a warm welcome at the hands of his father's friends. He has only partially recovered from his illness, but is a stout boy and no fears are felt for him. He has not seen his mother since the president's death, and the meeting at the threshold of Mr. Mason's residence was an affectionate one.

THE PROCESSION was formed and marched in the following order:

Col. Williams and staff.
Silver Gray band.
First Artillery troops.
Hearse and horses, guarded by Knights Templar in column of threes and flanked by ten horses of the city troops on each side.
Cleveland ad gress.
Forty-second Ohio Volunteers.
Cabinet.
Gen. Sherman and aids.
Guard of honor, composed of officers of army and distinguished guests.

While the procession was forming the band played a solemn dirge. The march was by the nearest route down Euclid avenue to Erie street, to Superior, to Park, to the pavilion, where the remains were placed, without special ceremony, to lie in state, the casket resting on a dais surrounded by costly and elaborate floral pieces.

GRANDMA GARFIELD arrived from Solon yesterday, and is entertained at the residence of Gen. L. A. Sheldon (who has recently been appointed governor of New Mexico), on Case avenue, only a block or two from the depot, at which the remains were received. While waiting for the train a representative of the PIONEER PRESS, whom she has known for many years, called upon her. She was standing upon the piazza, gazing down the street, awaiting the arrival of her daughter, Mrs. Trowbridge, from Solon, who was to arrive by carriage this morning. She was quite composed in demeanor, and upon her kindly old face was an expression of Christian resignation, which she has worn since she recovered from the first burst of sorrow. At the words, "Good morning, grandma," she turned and took the PIONEER PRESS representative cordially by the hand. "I was watching for Eliza," she said. "She seems a long time coming. Won't you walk in?" Seated in the parlor, she asked if it was true, as published in the morning papers, that the funeral train was four hours behind time. On being informed that the statement was incorrect, and that the train would arrive promptly at the designated hour, she said quicly: "It takes them a long time to get here. I don't see why they took James to Washington. There was no need of it. They say he belongs to the public, but I think he belongs to me. He was my only boy, James was, and he always was mine, and I don't see why the public should have him now. But it don't make much difference. I shall go to him soon, and I don't care how soon I go." She said this without a tear. Not even a shadow of grief passed over her wrinkled face, but she spoke calmly and with a patient composure. When she was told of the preparations for the magnificent demonstration in honor of her son the simple-hearted old lady remarked: "It seems to me that there never was such a time since the world began."

LYING IN STATE.

THOUSANDS OF MOURNERS.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 25.—It has been a bright and beautiful day, though rather warm. The streets began to be thronged very early. People poured into the city by every avenue of approach and the railways ran every available car to accommodate the rush toward Cleveland. Good order prevailed, everybody being imbued with the solemnity of the occasion. Hundreds wept as they gazed on the casket containing the remains of the dearly beloved chief magistrate. The coffin was not opened, it being the widow's wish that the face should not be exposed on account of the unnatural look, but, instead, visitors looked upon the features of the dead, depicted in an admirable picture, placed just above the head of the coffin. Guards of the Knights Templar and the Cleveland Grays, in full uniform, were posted all about the pavilion. For one hour, from 4 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when the immense multitude of lookers on which crowded the streets leading to the park, was the greatest, the Marine band of Washington, stationed on a platform immediately south of the pavilion, played selections of solemn, sacred music. A highly appropriate and impressive feature was the

SABBATH MEMORIAL SERVICE at 5 o'clock. The park where Garfield's body lies in state of course was the center of attraction. A steel wire was stretched around the ten acres of park, and soldiers patrolled the walks, keeping the multitude on the outside.

THE PUBLIC SQUARE AT CLEVELAND.

A Statue of Oliver H. Perry, Commodore U. S. Navy.

B. Catafalque.

C. Euclid avenue—five miles to the cemetery. Yesterday the procession passed from the Euclid Ave. station of the Cleveland & Pittsburgh road, two miles down Euclid avenue, and the casket was deposited in the shadow of the statue of Commodore Perry, surrounded by the remains captured by him from the British in the battle of Lake Erie in the year 1812. To-day the procession will move up Euclid avenue five miles to the cemetery.

At 9 o'clock this morning a double line of militia was stationed nearly a quarter of a mile west of the pavilion and a similar line from the other side to the east limit of the park. By this route thus marked out by soldiers, the people were permitted to enter the park from the west, pass through the pavilion three and four abreast, uncovered heads, look at the casket and decorations, and then proceed beyond the park. It is estimated that not less than 100,000 people passed through the pavilion in this manner. At dark electric and candle lights illuminated the scene and people were allowed to go through all night. The line of people waiting their turn to enter the park stretched west for about half a mile, at times reaching nearly across the viaduct over the river. A shower came up but had no perceptible effect in diminishing the size of the crowd. It is considered that Cleveland will to-morrow have the

LARGEST DISPLAY OF CIVIC SOCIETIES and military organizations ever seen in this country. No idea of the number of commands and their aggregate strength can be formed by seeing them move here and there through the streets. This can only be obtained by absolute knowledge of those who are here. Following is a list, so far as can be ascertained at this time:

CIVIL AND MILITARY VISITORS.

Detachments from seventeen regiments, Ohio national guards.

One hundred officers and men from the United States steamer Michigan.

Commander Albert Kauts.

Detroit infantry, Col. H. M. Daubler, Detroit, 350 men.

Two companies of Seventy-fourth New York national guards, Buffalo, N. Y.

One hundred Buffalo cavalry, 150 men.

One hundred Boston Independents.

The Washington infantry.

Alton Illinois troops.

Cincinnati Grays.

First City Dragoons, Canton, Ohio.

Two companies of Hiram Grays.

The Grand Army will be represented by J. C. N. post, Youngstown, Canton post, and the Pittsburg post.

The old soldiers and sailors of Cuyahoga county will be out 2,000 strong, as will be the army of the Cumberland and veteran militia of Cleveland.

The rain which commenced yesterday about 5 p.m., continued for about half an hour. The line of persons who were marching to the catafalque was broken somewhat, but thousands braved the shower, which was quite severe for a time, and continued on their journey, determined on viewing the casket and floral offerings. Just before the rain ceased a magnificent and unusually bright rainbow became visible, its perfect lines being unbroken. The fact that a rainbow appeared while the body of President Garfield lay in state in Washington, and again to-day, has tended to create an impression that it is

AN OMEN OF GOOD.

According to the statements of old citizens there never was so great and orderly a crowd in the city as there has been to-day. All the railroads are using every available car to accommodate the rush to Cleveland.

When the gates entering the public square were opened this morning therein the line moved slowly, and many sad scenes occurred at the catafalque. Strong men groaned, women cried, and the scene at intervals was decidedly touching. As the day advanced the guards had to be placed along the line for several blocks down Superior street to keep the thousands of persons in order. The city wears the same brilliant appearance to-night it did last night, and the

SCENE ABOUT THE CATAFALQUE is something grand. Eighteen electric lights, two powerful calcium lights, and over 100 gas lamps illuminate the park. All night long the line of people passing through the pavilion was unbroken. Hundreds who went through by day took places at the end of the line, at times over a mile long, to gain an opportunity below, the pavilion, as it was illuminated after dark. About 6 o'clock members of President Garfield's old regiment marched in a body to the pavilion and deposited the regimental colors at the foot of the casket. At about the same time the members of the society of the army of the Cumberland marched through the pavilion in a body. Senor J. G. Doamorl Valente, charge d'affairs of Brazil, here by command of the emperor, deposited beside the casket a large lyre, beautifully wrought in flowers, as a tribute from his country.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

THE VARIOUS DIVISIONS.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 25.—The grand procession to-morrow will be made up as follows:

THE FIRST DIVISION

Detachment of Police.

Silver Gray Band of Cleveland.

Canton Independent Fusiliers.

Spindale Guards.

Company B, Sixty-fourth Regiment.

New York National Guards.

Queen City Guards.

Company F, Seventy-fourth Regiment, New York National Guards.

Buffalo City Guards.

Cadet Band.

Buffalo City Cadets.

Bardick's Band, Columbus, O.

Gover's Guards, Columbus.

Toledo Cadets, Toledo.

Detroit Infantry Band, Detroit.

Washington Infantry Band, Pittsburgh.

Washington Infantry.

Catching with Perry.

First Ohio Battery.

SECOND DIVISION.

Uniformed Societies—Col. A. C. Barrity Commanding.

Hugh De Payne Commandery, Buffalo, N. Y.

D. Molay Commandery, Louisville, Ky.

Olive Commandery, Erie, Pa.

Cincinnati Commandery No. 3, Cincinnati.

Toledo Commandery, Toledo.

Hauselman Commandery, Cincinnati.

Marshall Commandery, Sandusky.

Eric Commandery, Akron.

Catchee Commandery, Cleveland.

Holy Rod Commandery, Cleveland.

Oriental Commandery, Cleveland.

Northwestern Battalion Uniformed Patriarchs, I. O. O. F.

Preux Chevalier division, K. O. P.

Cleveland division K. F. P.

Camp Cordz Drill Battalion L. O. O. F.

Other societies not reported.

THIRD DIVISION.

Veteran Societies, Gen. M. D. Leggett commanding.

Forty-second Regiment O. V. I. (Garfield's).

Cuyahoga County Soldiers and Sailors Union, including all veterans.

Grand Army of the Republic, Gen. Lyon post, East Liverpool, O.; Paulus post, Ashtabula; Custer post, Youngstown; Hart post, Massillon; T. O. D. post, Youngstown; Canton post, Canton; Grand Army post, Pittsburg, Pa.; other posts of the department of Ohio.

Societies—Williams college, Western Reserve university, Hudson Delta, Upsilon Fraternity, Republic Invincibles, Philadelphia; Life Saving Service, Garfield and Arthur Glee club, Columbus; Independent Order of Foresters, Ancient Order of Foresters, Independent Order of Red Men, Independent Order of Free Sons of Israel.

Hungarian societies, J. O. B. and L. S. B. Verein.

Deutsche Krieger, German Society, Swiss Benevolent societies, Sons of St. George.

FOURTH DIVISION—CIVIC SOCIETIES.

Capt. E. H. Bolin, Commanding.

First Battery society, Turn Verein, German Order of Hatzinger, Trades Union, Cleveland Lodge K. O. P., Bricklayer's Union, Garfield & Arthur escort corps, Pittsburgh Ancient Order United Workmen, Buffalo, nine lodges, Ohio division Independent Order Odd Fellows.

FIFTH DIVISION—CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

Capt. E. McFeran, Commanding.

Irish American Legion, Cleveland; German Legion, Cleveland; Knights of Winceslaus, Cleveland; Knights of St. Louis, Cleveland; Knights of St. George, Cleveland; Hibernians of Cleveland; St. Cyril and Methody societies, Cleveland; St. John's society, Cleveland; St. Patrick's society, Father Mathew's society, Newburgh; Immaculate Conception T. A. society, Cleveland; Annunciation T. A. society, Cleveland; St. Patrick Benevolent society, Cleveland; St. Joseph's society, Cleveland; St. Mary's church, Cleveland; St. Joseph's society, Cleveland; Knights of St. John, Cleveland; Young Men's Sabbath, Cleveland; St. Anthony society, Cleveland; St. Albert's society, Cleveland; St. Bridget's society, Cleveland.

SIXTH DIVISION,

Col. H. N. Whithack, commanding.

Citizens of Detroit, Canton, Nineteenth Congressional district, and other organized bodies of citizens from abroad.

FUNERAL ESCORT.

<p

The Bismarck Tribune.

BY LOUNSBERRY & JEWELL.

THE DAILY TRIBUNE.
Published every morning, except Monday, at Bismarck, Dakota, is delivered by carrier to all parts of the city at twenty-five cents per week, or \$1.25 per month.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One month, postage paid \$ 1.00
Three months, postage paid 3.00
Six " " " 5.00
One year, " " " 10.00

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE.
Eight pages, containing a summary of the news of the week, both foreign and local, published every Friday, sent, postage paid, to any address for \$2.50.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

TRANSIENT: \$1.00 per inch first insertion; 50 cents for second and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

YEARLY CONTRACT RATES: For contract rates apply at office, or send for "Advertising Card of Rates."

WEEKLY RATES: Locals 10 cents per line per day, or 25 cents per line for six successive days without change. White-ups in Brevier type, 15 cents per line, measured ten lines to the inch.

AN AMERICAN CHARACTERISTIC.

It is a peculiar characteristic of the American that he can see but little good in anything that is not intimately associated with the making of money. The merit of an enterprise is represented by its profit. Americans are a nervous, restless people, and they have no time for recreation or languid pursuits. Everything is enterprise, energy and push with them, and in the struggles for commercial or professional supremacy a man must have an indomitable will and nerves of steel in order to come out among the first in the race. Perhaps these facts are more forcibly impressed upon Capt. Paul Boyton, now in the city, than upon other individuals. In his associations with the people of all races and countries this American characteristic has made itself particularly prominent. In his travels through Europe he was seldom, if ever, asked what pecuniary profit there was in his travels. It did not seem to occur to Europeans that a money making scheme must be a necessary adjunct to the enterprise. On the other hand ninety-nine out of every hundred Americans that Capt. Boyton meets says: "Well, captain, your traveling in this manner is all right, but tell me how you make any money out of it." "Where is the money in this scheme," etc., etc. These questions are so universal as to become monotonous and annoying and are more frequently asked in northern than in southern latitudes. They indicate a tendency dangerous in its effect upon health, morals and happiness. These dangers are often pointed out but seldom heeded. In the insane greed for gain some of the finest minds and best men of America are being sacrificed. It we would truly prosper as a people it is time to call a halt. There is an intellectual, moral and physical development necessary to the stability of the foundations of society and permanent institutions that is not to be secured in the mad chase of the butterfly of wealth. There is something to be gained beside mere riches. That something is productive of contentment, happiness and health. Who will stop in the grab game of life long enough to ascertain what it is? To those who will do so, profit may come unsought and unawares.

AN IMPORTANT MEETING.

An important meeting is called for tonight, and it should be attended by every public spirited citizen. The meeting will be held at the office of Geo. P. Flannery at 8 o'clock, and is for the purpose of reorganizing and placing upon a good working basis the cemetery association, a charter for which was granted some time since. Before officers can be elected it is necessary that a certain portion of the stock or shares taken should be paid in, and parties are requested to be prepared to make a cash payment at once. A forty acre site has been selected and can be procured if prompt action is taken. This subject is one that calls for immediate attention, as the season is far advanced, and there are no preparations made for the burial of such as may die during the coming months. The small space reserved in the Catholic cemetery is nearly exhausted, and the church yard which has been allowed to be used by the public at a positive loss and inconvenience to the society, is already filled, and under the most pressing circumstances it can no longer be used as a place of burial. It is desired to remove all bodies now interred in the church yard to the new cemetery before winter sets in, after which no more burial permits will be granted. As the city grows it is very important that a good cemetery should be provided at once. Let a few citizens invest a small amount, and the good work can be easily and quickly accomplished. Financially the investment will be a good one, but that is not to be considered. A new and permanent cemetery is a necessity. Let there be a good attendance at the meeting to-night.

A NEEDED LESSON.

Dakota is a great territory, and every section is blessed with a wonderful pros-

perity. The tide of emigration pouring in from all sections of the country causes a growth without precedent, and progressive cities, thrifty towns and prosperous villages are springing up on all sides. There is room for all to grow without trespassing or a conflict of interests. Every Dakota town has resources and elements of growth peculiarly its own, and there is no reason for any community to encourage emigration by disparagement of any other section of the country that it may choose to consider a rival. It is true that the remarkable growth of Dakota cities has a tendency to create the impression among the inhabitants that the growth is wholly due to some unusual advantage guaranteed by providence to that particular locality, and that as a consequence some other section has been proportionately robbed of its natural advantages. This is a great mistake, and effects results detrimental to the interests of all. Mr. I. W. Barnum, a gentleman who has evinced his faith in all sections of Dakota by liberal investments, in a communication in the Fargo Argus recently presented the subject in a forcible manner. After urging the advantages of deep plowing on all Dakota lands and presenting their agricultural merits, Mr. Barnum says:

Fargo's success is assured beyond all question. With such men in the city and surrounding country, with such a soil to back them, failure is the last thing to be thought of. Your energy, push, boom, "git up and git," is the admiration of every live eastern man who has witnessed the unparalleled success of your city. Some of your citizens, good fellows too, have never been west of Fargo, judging by the advice they give strangers, that the lands west of the Red River Valley are not worth their going to see. Gentleman Fargotes, take a trip out and see us, and you will not get caught in a whopper again repeating these cold, chilled statements. The facts are, the lands are good from Fargo to Bismarck; yes, and beyond. The writer thinks there are but few that yet fully realize the wealth stored in the soil on the line of the North Pacific railroad. Who will tell me the amount of business to be done on that and other roads five years hence?

IMMEDIATELY on receipt of the news of the death of President Garfield, the principal buildings in Bismarck and several private houses were appropriately draped in mourning. Even before the President's proclamation was published, the several churches had arranged for memorial service. The citizens had held a meeting and the mayor had issued his proclamation urging the people to close their several places of business and meet at their respective places of worship, and render alike their tribute of reverence and love for the memory of our late chief magistrate, and sorrowful submission to the will of the Almighty. When Monday came every place of business was closed. Not a store or a saloon, or a place of resort of any kind was open to the public. Even the Chinese closed their places of business. Heathen and Christian, Catholic and Protestant, democrat and republican, seemed to vie with each other in their expressions of sorrow, love and reverence. It was the first Sunday, so to speak, ever known in Bismarck. Never before had all places been closed either in honor, respect or love, or through policy, and the course adopted on this occasion shows how deep a foothold Mr. Garfield had gained in the hearts of the American people. Fargo and Mandan may talk of the wickedness of Bismarck, but when it comes to acts of real charity to real tokens of respect—when it comes to great hearted and true people, Bismarck is the peer, if not the superior of its more pretentious neighbors, and every friend of Bismarck rejoices at the course taken by the citizens on Monday last.

FROM present indications there will be an entire change in the cabinet excepting Mr. Lincoln. Mr. James goes into the banking business; Mr. Windom will return to the senate; Mr. Kirkwood will also contest for his old position; Mr. McVeagh resigns, and of course Mr. Blaine will retire. Mr. Arthur will select a New York man for secretary of the treasury, but he will find it exceedingly difficult to fill the other positions by selecting men equal to those at present in the cabinet.

GOV. ORDWAY publishes the following card in the Sioux City Journal: "An anonymous dirty sheet has been sent out by Pettigrew rehashing the misrepresentation set forth by Glover, which the records of the committee show were so completely refuted at the time that the democrats have refused to even print them. A sure the people that I will brand them and the man who puts them forth as they deserve."

E. I. SMITH will next week commence the publication of the Hillsboro Times, at Hillsboro, Dakota. It will be a seven column folio, and being edited by a good and true man will be an important addition to Hillsboro, and contribute much toward the future prosperity of the town.

THE Minnesota republican convention yesterday, nominated Gen. Hubbard for governor. The convention did not have pluck enough to even refer to the

bond question. Charley Gilman was nominated for lieutenant governor.

No. 1. Hard wheat is worth \$1.20 at Jamestown, and \$1.25 at Bismarck. The Bismarck mills are now running on that kind of wheat.

Notice of Final Proof.

LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., September 1, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at 10 a. m., October 8, 1881. LAKE M. HARRIMAN, Homestead entry No. 275, made April 6, 1881, for the southwest quarter of section 30, township 139, range 79 west, and names the following as his witness, viz: George Gibbs, Hamlet Lives, Fred Roberts and George Glass, all of Burleigh county, D. T. Postoffice address, Bismarck. JOHN A. REA, Register.

Notice of Final Proof.

LAND OFFICE at BISMARCK, D. T., August 30, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and secure final entry thereof at this office on the 4th day of October, 1881, at 10 o'clock a. m. viz: J. Dawson Thompson, H. E. number 185, made August 2, 1880, for the s. w. 1/4, See 10 t. 139 n. r. 27 w and names the following as his witnesses, viz: E. Raymond, Michael McLaughlin, Cormy Rhodes and James Reynolds, all of Kidder County D. T. P. O. Dawson. JOHN A. REA, Register.

Notice of Final Proof.

LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., August 2, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and secure final entry thereof at this office on the 4th day of September, 1881, at 10 o'clock a. m. viz: Wm. Howard, Homestead entry No. 398, of the southwest quarter of section 26, township 141 N, range 81 west, and names the following as his witness, viz: James A. Edmunds, Henry Sutler, Michael Feller and R. P. Marsh, all of Burleigh Co. P. O. Address, Bismarck, D. T. JOHN A. REA, Register.

Notice of Contest.

U. S. Land Office, Bismarck, Dak., August 10, 1881.

Complaint having been entered at this office by Agnes H. Cronkhite against Wm. B. Martin for abandoning his Homestead entry No. 196, dated September 1, 1880, upon the n. e. quarter section 20, township 139, n. r. range 79 in Kidder county, D. T., with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 24th day of October, 1881, at 9 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning such alleged abandonment. JOHN A. REA, Register.

EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

Notice to Take Deposition.

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, COUNTY OF Burleigh—ss. In district court, Third Judicial district.

L. C. Black, plaintiff, vs. Isaac Thompson, defendant. To Isaac Thompson, above named defendant.

You will please take notice that the deposition of L. C. Black, witness for the plaintiff in the above entitled action, will be taken by Sam'l S. Carpenter, a notary public duly authorized by the laws of Ohio to administer oaths therein, at his office in the city of Cincinnati, in the county of Hamilton and State of Ohio, on the 26th day of October, 1881, at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, and to adjourn from day to day if necessary, said deposition to be used upon the trial of said action in said court. Dated, Bismarck, D. T., the 28th day of September, 1881. FLANNERY & WETHERBY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Probate Notice.

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, COUNTY OF Burleigh. In probate court, Burleigh county. In the matter of the estate of Mary Adams.

The petition of Maria Dutrinall having been filed in this court on the 15th day of September, A. D., 1881, representing, among other things, that Mary Adams, who last dwelt in the county of Chouteau, in the territory of Montana, died intestate on the 22nd day of March, 1879, possessed of certain real estate in the county of Burleigh, D. T., to be administered upon, of the value of three hundred dollars, and praying that George Flannery, Esq., be appointed administrator of said estate.

It is ordered that said petition be heard by the judge of this court on Monday, the 17th day of October, 1881, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, at the probate office in said county.

And it is further ordered that notice thereof be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order in the Bismarck Weekly Tribune, a newspaper printed and published at Bismarck, in said county, for three (3) successive weeks prior to said day of hearing.

By the Court: E. N. COREY, Judge of Probate.

Dated Sept. 25, 1881.

E. N. COREY, Judge of Probate.

Probate Notice.

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, Auditor's Office.

Whereas, the National Fire Insurance company, located in the city of Hartford, and state of Connecticut, has filed in this office a sworn statement on the 31st day of December A. D. 1880, in accordance with the provisions of an act of the legislative assembly of the territory of Dakota relating to insurance companies, approved Feb. 16, 1877; and

Whereas, on examination of the sworn statement of said company filed in this office, I find that the said insurance company is possessed of the necessary amount of capital invested as required by law.

I therefore, L. M. Purdy, auditor of Dakota territory, do hereby certify that said insurance company is duly authorized to transact the business of fire insurance in said territory for the year ending December 31, 1881. Frank J. Call properly appointed agent at Bismarck, Burleigh county, D. T.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 6th day of August, 1881.

L. M. PURDY, Auditor.

Administrator's Notice.

Territory of Dakota, County of Burleigh, ss. In Probate Court in the matter of the estate of Jacob Wilworth, deceased.

Not ice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the above estate must exhibit them to the undersigned administrator, with the necessary vouchers, at his place of Bismarck, D. T., within four months of the date of the first publication of this notice, or else said claims will be forever barred.

JOHN YEGEN, Administrator.

J. E. O'CARLARD, Atty for said estate.

Notice of Contest—Timber Culture.

U. S. LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., July 20, 1881.

Complaint having been entered at this office by Henry J. Wright against Ferdinand Kramer for failure to comply with law as to timber culture entry No. 60, dated June 15th, 1878, upon the south east quarter of section eight, township 139, range 73, in Kidder county, Dakota, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; contest also alleging that Ferdinand Kramer has failed to break or clear, and has failed to plant ten acres on the said tract, and has failed to plant or set out any trees whatever since taking the same. The said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 14th day of September, 1881, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged failure.

JOHN A. REA, Register.

E. M. BROWN, Receiver.

Territory of Dakota, County of Burleigh, ss. In Probate Court, Burleigh County, D. T. In the matter of the nuncupative will of Thomas Leonard, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of L. N. Griffin, representing, among other things, that the said Thomas Leonard lately died at Bismarck, in said county of Burleigh. That at the time of his last sickness, and while in expectation of immediate death from an injury received on the day of his death, he made and pronounced his nuncupative will in manner provided by law, wherein the testator is named as legatee, and praying that proofs thereof be taken and the same allowed and admitted to probate as the last will and testament of said Thomas Leonard, deceased, and that letters testamentary with the will annexed be issued to L. N. Griffin.

It is ordered that said petition and the proofs of said alleged nuncupative will be heard at a special term of said probate court to be held in and for said county of Burleigh, on the first day of October, 1881, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day.

It is further ordered that notice of the time and place of such hearing be given to all persons interested by mailing to them a copy of this order, properly addressed and deposited in the postoffice with postage prepaid, within at least ten days previous to the time appointed as aforesaid, and by publication of this order at least three weeks successively previous to said time in the Bismarck Weekly Tribune, a weekly newspaper published at the city of Bismarck, D. T. By the court. E. N. COREY, Judge.

Date, September 12th, 1881.

500 Reward

OVER A MILLION

OF

Prof.

Guilmette's

FRENCH

Kidney Pads

have already been

sold in this

country

and France, every

one of which

has given per-

fect relief,

and has

for many

years ev-

er used according to

directions.

We now say to the afflicted and doubting ones that we will pay the above reward for a single case of

LAME BACK

That the Pad fails to cure. This Great Remedy will Positively and Permanently cure Lumbago, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsey, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Incontinence and retention of the Urine, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, High Colored Urine, Pain in the Back, Side or Loins, Nervous Weakness

BISMARCK BUSINESS CARDS.

CO. P. FLANNERY & J. K. WETHERBY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Raymond's brick block.

JOHN E. CARLAND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
54 Main street.

DAVID STEWART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Fourth Street.

GEORGE W. SWEET,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 11 N. Fourth street, Bismarck. Special
attention paid to land office cases.

A. T. BIGELOW, D. D. S.
DENTAL ROOMS,
12 W. Main Street.

H. R. PORTER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
U. S. Examining Surgeon-
Office, 37 Main Street. - Next to Tribune Block.

W. M. A. BENTLEY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Calls left on the state in the office will receive
prompt attention.
Office, 41 Main Street, - - - Tribune Block.

EDMER N. COREY,
U. S. COMMISSIONER,
Judge of Probate and Clerk of District Court.
Office at Court House.

O. S. GOFF,
ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHER,
No. 16 Main street.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
WALTER MANN, President.
Geo. H. FAIRCHILD, Cashier.

Correspondents—American Exchange National
Bank, New York; Merchants' National Bank,
St. Paul.

BANK OF BISMARCK.
J. W. RAYMOND, President.
W. B. BELL, Cashier.
A general banking business transacted. Inter-
est allowed on time deposits. Collections
promptly attended to.

Too Much Respect for Religion.
[Western Journal.]

He was on his way home from Lead-
ville. He had on a ragged old summer
suit; a bad hat, and he had been taking
his meals thirty hours apart to make his
money carry him through.

"Yes; I like the country out that way,"
he replied to the query. "The climate
is good and the scenery is fine, and some
of the people are honest as need be. The
trouble is knowing how to take the bad
ones."

"I should think that would be very
easy."

"Yes, it looks that way, but I had some
experience. I am the original discoverer
of the richest mines around Leadville.
Yes, I am the very man, though you
couldn't think it to look at these old
clothes."

"Then you don't own it now."

"Not a bit of it."

"How is that?"

"Well, I was looking around the hills
and found signs. I collected some speci-
mens for assay, staked off a claim and
went off to the assayer's. It was two
days before he let me know that I had
struck the richest ore that he had ever
assayed, and then hurried back to my
claim. Hang my buttons if I hadn't been
jumped!"

"How?"

"Why, a gang of sharpers had found
the spot and built up a pole shanty, and
hung out the sign of First Baptist church.
True as shooting they had, and the law
out there is that no man can sink a shaft
within two hundred feet of a church
building. They saw me coming and
when I got there they were holding a re-
vival. There was six of them, and they
got up one after another and told how
wicked they had been, and how sorry
they were, and, would you believe it, they
had the cheek to ask me to lead off in
singing. I went to law but they beat me.
Three days after came the verdict, the
First Baptist church had burned down,
and before the ashes were cold the con-
gregation were developing a mine worth
\$3,000,000. You see, I didn't know how
to take them."

"Was there any particular way to take
them?"

"You bet there was. I ought to have
opened on the revival with a Winchester
rifle, and given the coroner \$50 for a ver-
dict that they came to their death from
too much religion."

A Bright Outlook.
New Northwest.

The distance from Fargo to Bismarck,
by the Northern Pacific Railroad is a
little less than 200 miles—say 198 miles,
which for a width of six miles on one
side, from the center of the track, would
give 33 townships, or 66 townships on
both sides. This would make a strip of
land 12 miles wide by 198 miles long, con-
taining 2,376 square miles, or 1,520,640
acres, one-half of which in wheat, with an
average yield of 18 bushels per acre,
would give 13,685,760 bushels. The ca-
pacity for production of this relatively in-
significant space of tributary country,
will give some faint idea wherewith to
measure the merely local business, that
will, in the course of a few years, be
crowded on to the road. Each year wit-
nesses a large increase of development,
aside from that on the extension west of
the Missouri, over the preceding one.
The management have promised, that,
during the ensuing year, the company
will have completed and own not less

than 1,200 miles of lateral or connecting
roads in Minnesota and Dakota alone. To
this should be added a large amount of
connecting mileage that will have been
constructed by other companies. At
the increase of development will be ac-
celerated by these connecting roads, it is
quite certain that the time is not distant
when the management will be called on
to face the fact that another track, as far
as Bismarck at least, is an imperative ne-
cessity. Indeed, there are some who be-
lieve that, inside of ten years, even a
double track that far will be inadequate
to do the business required of it. To pe-
ople in the old settled countries, and who
view everything from the standpoint of
their own surroundings, this might look
rather visionary, but the marvels the
Northern Pacific road has already ac-
complished in the new northwest render
it quite beyond the compass of the imagi-
nation to take in the future possibilities
of that region.

Guiteau's Insanity Dodge.

Guiteau is indicating a purpose to re-
sort to the "insanity dodge," and, besides,
he is still acting the part of the injured
innocent. After he gains his liberty he
says he is going to Europe to deliver
lectures in justification of his act of as-
sassination, and he claims he will be able
to convince his hearers and enlist their
sympathetic interest for his future wel-
fare. He professes the belief that after a
while the excitement in consequence of
the President's death will pass away, the
people will settle down, and then he can
have a calm, deliberate, fair trial, and he
will be satisfied with the result.

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the many derangements brought on by an im-
pure condition of the blood, when SCOVILL'S
SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, or
BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP will restore per-
fect health to the physical organization. It is
indeed a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take,
and has proved itself to be the best Blood Purifier
ever discovered, effectually curing Scrofula,
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Erysipelas, Malaria; all Nervous disorders and
Debility. Bilious complaints and all diseases
indicating an impure condition of the blood,
liver, kidneys, stomach, skin, etc. It corrects
indigestion. A single bottle will prove to you
its merits as a health renewer, for it acts like a
charm, especially when the complaint is of an
exhaustive nature, having a tendency to lessen
the natural vigor of the brain and nervous sys-
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chubblains, corns and all kinds of skin eruptions,
freckles and pimples. The salve is guaranteed
to give perfect satisfaction in every case
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A BAD MARKSMAN.

The following moral rhyme comes from a naughty little boy:

If 'tis a sin
To steal a pin
Then it is so
To kill Guiteau
Before a judge
Who has no grudge
Can him sit on
And block cap don.
But he's not hasn't
To condemn Mas'n;
He meant all right
But got too tight
And missed his aim
And so's to blame.

NELLIE'S STORY.

"Is the bona fide New Yorker ever tired, or sick, or sorry? Does he ever stop?"

So I used to ask my sister Alice, day after day, as we took our drive to the park, or sat at our window in the hotel, where in truth, I spent the most of my time, idly watching that busy, restless, ever-increasing, ever-changing crowd, that surges through the great city like a mighty wave, seeming to engulf and carry all before it.

"They tire me so, these people. Where do they come from, and where can they all be going? And don't you suppose that, among them all, there must be a few we should like to know?"

"Very probably," replied Alice laughing "but how are we to impress those few with a wish to know us? Are we to send an advertisement to the daily papers stating that 'Two ladies, possessing many agreeable qualities, but very few acquaintances, would like to enlarge their circle, and will receive applicants (who must bring undoubted references as to character and position) at such and such a time?' No Nelly, that would hardly do. How shall we accomplish it? I am quite ready to tell the honest truth, this hermit life of ours begins to weary me just a little. I have yielded to your wish to be in perfect seclusion; but I can see the inspiring atmosphere of New York has done you good, Nelly, dear, in spite of yourself; and now the sooner we come out of our shell the better. Let us look around the hotel, though we should never have the courage to make any advances to strangers; and, on the whole, I think the matter will regulate itself. We have been 'alone in a crowd' long enough now, and I want to see my little Nelly in her proper sphere once more."

And then we wandered off into a discussion, or rather a long, rambling chat, about the kind of people we should really like to have.

The daylight died away, and we looked out at the beautiful city "under the gas light," and speculated afresh on the probable destinies, the crowd still tramping under our windows and with the evening papers and our many loved books we ended the day.

Ours was a strange position. We were both comparatively young. Alice was twenty-five and I was two years younger. Without being, by any means regular beauties, we were sufficiently good looking to be known in our native town, *way* down among the Hampshire hills, as the "pretty Langdon girls." We were thoroughly well educated. Had more money than we knew what to do with, and were absolutely alone in the world. Our parents, and only brother had died some years before the time in which I am writing, and Alice was a widow. Poor child! Her story is brief and sad enough. The man she loved and married at eighteen, proved, in every way, unworthy, and, for three miserable years, her young life was a burden to herself and a cause of concern to me, who watched her lovingly, but who was powerless to help or comfort in such a grief as this. At the end of three years she was released. A fall from his horse, while riding home in a state of intoxication, caused the almost instant death of her husband.

After this, Alice was anxious to leave the old house, where there was so many sad associations; where we had been happy children, and desolate orphans, and where my darling Alice had tasted a bitterness worse than orphanage. But where should we go? It was at the close of our short New England summer, that we held many a consultation as to where we should pitch our tent. To me, it was a matter of utter indifference, for, at that time, all places were alike to me. We knew something of Boston, and my chief pleasure during the memorable winter I spent there, was the recollection of that first day in the music hall. It was, in more senses than one, a marked day, for from it dated my intimate friendship with Henry West. We had met at several parties; each had recognized in the other a kindred spirit; and, as he was an habitual of the house in which I was visiting, it became a matter of course that he should escort me to the various places of amusement and show me "the lions." I loved music, but had enjoyed few opportunities of hearing it; no stars ever wandered so far out of their accustomed orbit as our little country town; and there was very little native talent there. When, therefore, Mr. West invited me, soon after my arrival in Boston, to attend one of the Wednesday organ concerts, I consented, little knowing what awaited me.

When the first piece was over (I remember it was the Tannhauser overture) I sat quite still, the tears ran down my face, but no words would come. Then it was I knew in an instant how perfectly sympathetic were my companion and myself; if he had at that moment uttered one of the commonplace or conventional criticisms one hears so often, I should have hated him forever. But he did not; he only said very quietly after I had recovered myself a little, "I am so thankful you heard it first with me, and I replied, "If only it might last forever."

From that day our friendship ripened fast, and, during the remainder of that memorable winter, the world was very bright to me. Every week we went to the Music hall, and then I studied out with his advice and assistance the music we had heard together. When spring came, and Alice began to beg for my return to her, it was hard for me to think of all from which going home must separate me. And, to all appearances he felt it, too. I could not doubt that he had a very great interest in me, he had given so many proofs of it. Would he, I wondered, speak some decisive word before I left? Would not he ask permission to visit me in my country home? So I dreamed on until the last evening came. For hours the drawing-rooms had been crowded with guests assembled to bid me adieu. Many a kindly greeting was spoken—many a wish expressed that we might soon all meet again. But not until very late, when almost every one had gone, did Mr. West appear. I knew at a glance

that something was wrong and my heart sank within me. I talked on, however, as merrily as before, giving to each a bright word, a gay good-by, wishing, oh! how earnestly, that it was all over. At last we were alone. My hostess, wearied by the evening's exertion, begged to be excused, adding, jestingly, "If one of the single gentlemen had loitered so long, Nelly, after all the rest, I should be rather suspicious on this last night; but there is no danger of anything serious coming to pass now—so I will say goodnight. Pray, Mr. West, do not be taken with one of your musical fevers and persuade Miss Langdon to open the piano, for she is very tired, and must set out on her journey at a most unhealthily hour in the morning."

As she turned to go Mr. West said, in a low, strange voice: "I must say good-by, too, Mrs. Gordon. This evening's mail has brought me letters which oblige me to leave to-morrow for Cuba."

"What! No bad news from Mrs. West, I hope?" she asked anxiously.

"My wife is very ill, and wishes me to join her at once."

"I am so sorry; but I sincerely hope you will find her better on your arrival. Give her my kind regards and good wishes. How we shall miss you! Pray write and keep us informed of Mrs. West's health, and let us see you immediately on your return," and with a few more friendly words she left the room.

His wife! Those two words burned into my brain like coals of fire. I could not think, nor wonder, nor ask a question. My one idea is to escape without betraying my suffering; to insure his leaving me without discovering what those two little words, spoken so calmly and unconsciously, "your wife!" had wrought for me! In that supreme moment, in the single flash of time when he crossed from the door he had gone to open for Mrs. Gordon, back to the sofa where I sat, my woman's pride triumphed over every other feeling, and I spoke as calmly and deliberately as if no tempest raged within.

"You must let me, too, express my regret that you are summoned away on so painful an errand," I said; "and allow me though a stranger to Mrs. West, to send a message of good wishes for her recovery."

He looked at me briefly and long; but my impassive face and measured tones baffled even that sharp scrutiny.

"You knew, then, that I had the good fortune to be a married man?" he said.

"From a remark you made yesterday, I imagined for a moment that you were not aware of it; and strange as it may appear, I rather think Mrs. Gordon's mention of my wife, just now, is the first that has chance to be made before you. I wanted you to know it before we parted. I came here to-night partly to define my position, as the politicians say."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure; but you see it is quite an old story to me. Don't you know, Mr. West, that 'Benedict the married man' always shows his color in spite of himself? I hope, certainly, to have the pleasure of making Mrs. West's acquaintance and of telling how much I am indebted to you for many acts of kindness and courtesy. And now, if you will not think me rude, I must ask you to let me say good-by, for I have still more packing to attend to."

"Good-by," said he. Not another word escaped him, but that piercing eye was fixed intently upon me, seeming to ask, "Is this all true?"

How I reached my home I cannot tell, even now. The journey was accomplished, however, and on the evening of the following day I threw myself into Alice's arms; and when shocked, I supposed, at the changed face that met hers, she exclaimed: "What is the matter, Nelly, dear?" I treated: "Do not ask me any questions; only love me always."

After a few days I opened my heart, and told her all, but begged that the subject might never again be mentioned between us.

And now my life was indeed a blank. I was not ill in body, so I said; and when it was remarked that I became thinner and paler, I attributed it all to my dissipation and late hours in Boston. There was no longer anything that pleased or displeased, interested or wearied, amused or annoyed me. I dared look neither backward nor forward. I read without receiving the slightest impression from the pages I turned over, and listened to Alice's sweet voice and to the kindly conversation of friends and neighbors, without understanding or caring for their words. Thus it was with me when at last the time came that Alice decided on a change of residence, and for beginning, resolved on trying how we should like New York. I said: "New York will do as well as any other place, if you will let me stay quietly at home." And so went Alice and I and a faithful old woman, who had been with us from our childhood, and loved and watched over us as if we were her very own. We established ourselves at the Everett, and had been there for several months.

In all this time I had heard nothing of Henry West, but that his wife had recovered from her illness in Cuba and returned with him to Boston in the following spring.

In the semi-occasional correspondence between Mrs. Gordon and myself, his name had only once occurred, when she wrote:

"Mr. West inquired for you yesterday, and was grieved to hear that you had not been well. He looks himself very badly, and has lost all his spirits. Perhaps madam's society has a depressing effect; and no wonder, for, as you know, his boyish marriage was the greatest mistake of his life. They are utterly uncongenial, and for years have lived apart, at least nine months out of the twelve, though they are nominally on good terms. Now, however, her health is failing very rapidly, and it may be that a happy release for both is at hand."

On the very day after I had talked with Alice of the possible material that might be found in the crowded streets of New York, we made our first acquaintance there. A lady whom we had frequently met in the halls and dining-room, and admired her for her refined and dignified appearance, and who occupied, with a stately old gentleman, evidently her father, the suite of rooms adjoining our own, knocked at our door one night after we had retired. Our old Margaret answered the summons, and the lady begged that we would come to her assistance, her father having been suddenly and dangerously ill. Alice hastened to do all in her power, and for several days during which the invalid slowly recovered, she made frequent visits to our neighbors' apartments, bringing back eloquent descriptions of both father and daughter. The latter, who introduced herself as Mrs. Gray of Boston, now came frequently into our

parlors, and the acquaintance bid fair to become a real friendship. The ice was broken, and I no longer wished to continue our isolated life. On Saturday Alice came from a walk with our friend and said:

"Nelly, Mrs. Gray wants you to go with her to-morrow to vespers, at St. Stephen's to hear the 'Stabat Mater.' May I tell her you will accept her invitation?"

I was quite ready to avail myself of Mrs. Gray's invitation and welcome her even more cordially than usual when she came a few hours later to repeat it in person. As she sat and talked I found myself wondering who it was she resembled so strongly. The shape of her head, the expression of her eye, the tone of her voice, all seemed strangely familiar; yet we had never met until a few weeks previous. The conversation turned casually on Boston. I was lost in a sad dream when Mrs. Gray said, in answer to some remark of Alice's:

"Yes, we have fine pictures, some times, in Boston; but we have our magnificent organ. Of course you heard it, Miss Nelly, when you were there? Your sister tells me you are passionately fond of music, and of organ music especially."

"Yes I have often heard it," I replied.

"I always thought I appreciated our organ entirely; but when my brother Henry came home from Europe, the year after it was opened, his intense enjoyment surpassed even mine. And this reminds me to ask you to allow me to present this same brother of mine to you to-morrow?" He came home late to-night, and will be happy to escort us to St. Stephen's where he is a regular attendant whenever he visits New York."

I suppose Alice answered for me that I should be happy to make the acquaintance with our friend's brother. I was too bewildered to speak. The strange likeness that made her face so familiar to me at first sight, the name of this unknown brother, Henry, his intense love for organ music—what could it all mean? Was I now to meet him again? to endure afresh all the misery that the kindly hand of time was just beginning to hide amid flowers of resignation and contentment? I passed the rest of the day and night in a state of feverish excitement. I would ask no questions. If it were indeed he I was about to see, I should meet him as bravely as I had parted from him. He was and could be nothing to me after this one day; our paths might never cross again—I could not bear it.

At the appointed time Mrs. Gray called for me, but came alone! Then I realized how weak I was; how I had been hoping to see him, though I had told myself we should meet as the veriest strangers.

"My brother will join us at the church," said Mrs. Gray. He was obliged to go first to visit a sick friend, but he will not be detained long."

Mrs. Kennedy did not faint or go into hysterics, but she decked herself in her bridal robes, and smilingly received the guests bidden to the feast. When the minister and all those with wedding garments had arrived, the lady called the meeting to order and read the recreant Cumming's card.

Loud and prolonged were the denunciations of the absent groom's conduct.

"This need not prevent the feast," said Mrs. Kennedy, and the guests fell to banqueting immediately. After supper the room was cleared for dancing, and Mr. Washington Williams, an elderly bachelor, led the German with the bride. He became so enamored of her that within an hour he proposed and was accepted. The minister was recalled, and at 11 p. m. Mrs. Kennedy was made Mrs. Washington Williams. The marriage had scarcely been performed when the door bell rung violently, and in walked the conscientious Cumming. He had wrangled in prayer with the question, and had concluded to come back and marry. After being introduced to Mrs. Williams it was gently intimated to the broken up Cumming that the lateness of the hour suggested the propriety of his going.

As the crowd slowly dispersed, we sat listening to the really beautiful march of Beethoven.

Then Mrs. Gray begged us to wait one moment as she wished to speak to some poor women who were assisted and employed by her, and were now waiting for her.

She simply named us to each other, and left us. The "one moment" lengthened into a half hour; the last note of the organ died away; only a solitary worshipper knelt here and there in the lonely isles.

And I was listening to the old, old story, how, from the first day we met, he had cared for me, and me only; but, fettered by that uncongenial marriage, into which he had entered thoughtlessly when a mere boy, it was impossible for him to say one word. Yes! he had loved me from the first; and now he was free, and had come to seek me out, to ask whether I remembered him. And this time I had no need to tell a falsehood.

When Mrs. Gray rejoined us she looked from one to another with a bright, loving smile, and whispered to me, "I never knew, until just as I was coming for you this afternoon, that you and Henry were old friends. May I be your friend, also, Nelly, for life sake?"

Then we all walked slowly home in the twilight to Alice, who looked up inquiringly, as we entered the parlor together. She must have seen at a glance, that my sorrow was suddenly lifted from my heart; and when I presented Mr. West, as "an old friend from Boston," the truth flashed upon her in a moment.

When he left me that evening, he said, "I cannot wait long for you, Nelly. Say all the good you can of me to your dear sister, and persuade her to give you to me soon."

Alice was neither obdurate nor selfish, and the next summer she joined my husband and myself in a happy wandering over Switzerland.

Great Productiveness In Alfalfa.

From the San Francisco Post, Sept. 6.

From a gentleman who has just returned from a few weeks' sojourn at Sacramento, we learn that the well-known Sugar Beet ranch, located two and a half miles due east from that city, is now devoted to the culture of alfalfa and to grazing. It embraces 390 acres, and is bounded on the one side by the American river. Daniel McCarthy is its owner, and with the aid of some fourteen men, he is now cutting his third crop of alfalfa this summer, and will raise yet another before the expiration of the present season. The first cutting alone amounted to 250 tons, and the subsequent cuttings were even larger. The rapid growth of alfalfa may be imagined from the fact that it was exactly five weeks from the cutting of one crop to the cutting of another.

Besides its extraordinary productiveness, it is more nutritious than the ordinary kind of hay, and can be easily raised on bottom lands and on uplands, if irrigated. Mr. McCarthy has found immediate sale for the three crops already harvested, and could dispose of as many more. In this state increasing attention is being given to the cultivation of alfalfa, because it is shown to be a profitable agricultural industry.

PRAYING AT ELBERON.

The President Aids Why the Believers Were Banging—an Affecting Scene. From the Long Branch Special to the Philadelphia Times.

"Crete," said the president to his brave little wife, about 11 o'clock this morning, as the ringing strokes from the belfry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, almost across from the cottage, reached his ears, "what are they ringing that bell for?"

"That?" said Mrs. Garfield, who had been waiting for the surprise; "that's the church where we were when you first came down. They're going to pray for you to get well," and getting on her knees she said: "And I'm going to pray, too, James, that it may be soon, for I know already that the other prayer has been heard."

From where he lay Garfield could see the carriages draw up and groups of people step in. He could even hear the subdued refrain of "Jesus, lover of my soul," as it was born to him in its heavenly way. A tear trickled down the president's face. After awhile a sweet woman's voice was singing from one of St. Michael's nobler oratories. "Turn Thou mine face and have mercy upon me," sang the voice, "for I am desolate; I am desolate and distressed; the troubles of my heart are increased. O, bring Thou me out of my distresses, out of my distresses, my God."

The people in the church sat almost spellbound under the voice. Mrs. George Childs, who sang the recitative, was moved deeply and made it seem to the president that he had been to her, a player in no sense. Dr. Morton, of Philadelphia, was the officiating clergyman, and prayed fervently that the Chief Magistrate of the nation might be preserved to the people and made more useful than before. It was a solemn, deeply-felt, and awe-inspiring service, but still made bright by the evidences of religious hope.

THE INDIAN POLICY.

Some Breezy Talk From Gen. Pope About the Bad Red Man.

General Pope's views on the Indian policy of the government and what should be done with them are refreshing. He said to a correspondent of the Indianapolis Journal, who encountered him in San Francisco:

"There is neither sense nor justice in allowing savages to hold a vast territory for hunting grounds that might be used to support a million or millions of Indians; people; however, it is a question in which right and justice do not figure. It is an inexorable law that man, whether red, white, or black, must either work or die. Neither public sentiment nor legal enactments can prevent its execution."

"Then, general, you think there should be a radical change of method in dealing with the Indian?"

"Certainly I do. The impotence of the present system has been sufficiently demonstrated. It has not only cost a great deal in valuable human life, been the means of propagating hordes of outlaws who prey upon commerce, but it has proved very expensive for the government. This is the result of trying to cram him with trout, salmon, and Sunday lins and depriving him of whisky, tobacco, and the devil knows what not, has made his savage heart, if possible, more savage. Man in a natural or civilized state is more or less a reasoning creature. It is given the Indian to see the reason of the. He can not understand anything of Christianity, and to teach him the mere form is an immoral influence. These unscrupulous tribes might be learned to herd cattle. By this means they would presently come to know something of property and values, and ultimately be prepared for civilization. I can not see how reasonable people hope to at once transform wild men into Orthodox Christians. It would be nearly as hard a miracle as raising the dead. You might as well try to make a wolf sing like a wolf, train it to herd sheep. No; the Indians should be turned over to the military. The hand that feeds them, if iron-clad, can control them."

Witty Waif.

"You make me think," John Wilkins said, dropping on a sofa beside a pretty girl last Sunday evening, "of a bunk whizion in the wild thyme grows." "Do I?" she murmured, "it is so nice, but that is pa's step in the hall, and unless you can drop the report, you'll have a wild time with him, my own, for he loves you not." His descent was rapid.

Two people do not exert themselves on epiphany, no matter how much display they make at funerals. Down on the Rio Grande a plain board at the head of a mound tells the public that "13 of them Mexican Greasers are planted here."

From "True Stories for My Little Child": "As Will-um Wil-kins was walking in the gar-dot the day he met his dear sister and thus he did say: 'Why is a squash like a lit

WAITING.

He was tired of the women of the world—Pierce Haywood decreed unto himself—tired of their wiles, their sophistries, their deceptions, their very attractions. Was it because these latter had, in one case, proved well-nigh fatal to his peace of mind—that Pauline Irving's dark, passionate, soul-lit eyes pursued him even here in this quiet country retreat, where he had taken refuge—that the memory of her low musical voice nestled in the rustling leaves, or sighed with the sighing of the night wind?

He admitted to himself none of this reasoning, only said that he was tired; and when, in the course of his wanderings, he discovered the pretty daughter of the miller of the place, a shy maiden of some eighteen summers, he turned to her as to a new study.

She blushed when he spoke, and he fancied her blusher charming; she stammered when she answered him, and he imagined that rather would he have it thus than listen to any flow of wit from betwixt her crimson lips.

She was innocent as the flowers which she tended in her own garden, and he knew that she could boast than this no greater charm. Therefore, the idea came to him that he would marry her.

He was no wolf in man's clothing. It was no difficult task for him to read o'er—soon the love that he had awakened in this guileless heart; but, take advantage of it to its own undoing, of this thought he was as pure as she.

Her sweet face grew very pale when, one evening, in the shadows, he asked her to become his wife. A frightened, startled look grew in the great blue eyes.

"I—I to be your wife?" she repeated. "Why, you are a gentleman, and I—"

She left the sentence unfinished—the gulf between them was too deep to bridge over with words.

"You are all that is sweet in woman!" he replied. "I am tired of art. I want nature. Promise me only to be as good, and pure, and artless as you are to-day, and I promise to try to be worthy of you. Edna do you fear to trust your happiness to my keeping?"

"You love me then?" she whispered, as though breaking an impossibility.

And he, believing that he spoke truth, answered: "Yes."

Then she flung herself into his arms, and sobbed out her joy upon his heart. Her emotion startled him—it showed depths to her nature he had not known she possessed but he quieted her with his kisses, and as he walked home alone, having gained her father's consent to a speedy wedding, he consoled himself with the thought.

"I will be good to her. She will not be exacting. Of course she cannot be my companion in thought, in interest; but my plaything—yes."

The next month they were married. Pierce Haywood had been too long a cherished member of society not to have a desire with eager curiosity to see this hastily-wooed wife. But one woman read the newspaper announcement, in her boudoir with a quick pang of pain. The paper dropped from her nerveless hands.

"Married!" she said to herself, over and over—"married! He took me at my word, then. Yet, may God grant him the happiness I have missed, or, rather, thrown away by a wretched pride and a momentary recklessness."

But among the numerous calls on the child-wife was one drawn thither otherwise than by curiosity.

Edna took the card from the butler's hand with no premonition, and read the name as she had read the many names which he had brought her.

"Say to Miss Irving that I will see her immediately," she said to the man, in whose august presence she always stood a little in awe in spite of herself—he looked so very superior in his splendid livery. "Another call, Prince!" she cried, stopping an instant in the library where he sat and holding the card before his eyes. "Why, how pale you are dear! You are ill! Shall I excuse myself?"

"No, no! Go at once!" he answered, with the first touch of impatience in his tone he had ever shown her, and surveying her critically as he spoke, with a half-dissatisfied air.

The face was young and lovely—none could deny that; but there was something in the general ensemble his artist eye missed—a something which, as she entered the drawing room and advanced to meet her guest, who rose, tall and graceful and exquisitely costumed, gave to Miss Irving's tone a gentler accent, as in her heart she whispered:

"Poor child! Some day she will need a friend. If she will let me I will be the friend she needs."

Let her? Of all her guests, none had charmed Edna as this beautiful lady. She found her telling her of her early life, of her courtship, and the strange, wonderful thing Pierce's love seemed to her, and all the while her guest kept repeating to herself:

"Poor child!"

"Will you not come again very soon?" she said, almost wistfully, when Miss Irving at last rose to leave. "Of course I will return your visit first; but I mean—I mean—"

"You mean that you would like we should be friends. I hope that is what you mean, for I am quite sure it is my wish."

The sweet smile was more than Edna could resist. Impulsively she lifted up the little mouth for a kiss.

"Please forgive me," she said I love you already."

"Can he help loving her?" thought Pauline, as she drove homeward. "Could I have believed a week—an hour—ago that I would pray thus fervently that all his heart might be given to another woman?"

Pierce Haywood meant to be true to his vows, his wife and his manhood; but spite of himself, as the days wore into weeks, and the weeks into months, a bitter sense of suicidal folly overwhelmed him.

He was a cultured, cultivated man of the world, and he had married a simple child, whose brain had grasped the rudiments of a common school education, and had never gone beyond.

He saw her among his friends, and knew that they wondered that a pretty face could thus have bewitched him; and the knowledge of their wonder rankled in his soul. He saw her side by side with this beautiful, exquisitely graceful woman whom he had loved—for whom (God help him!) his love would not die. It had been but sleeping, and his misery warred against the iron hand of control with which he held it down.

He did not mean to be unkind, but Edna detected the impatience in his tone and the look of annoyance which sometimes swept across his handsome, expressive face—and

her own heart grew sad and heavy, but, child as she was, her loyalty kept her silent even to her cherished friend.

One day, Pauline went to the house, but found her out.

"I will wait for her in the library," she said. "Tell her I am there."

She passed on into the room, expecting to find it empty; but, instead, it was occupied by its master. His head bowed upon the table, his whole attitude was one of misery which had thrown off its mask.

She turned to beat a retreat, but he lifted his face and saw her.

"Come in!" he said. "This is your work!"

It is fitting that you should look upon it."

"My work!" she answered aghast.

"Yes! Whose else? A year ago to-day I found that you had deceived me. Do you wonder that, miserable and wretched as I was, I sought to find a woman who had not learned the lesson of deception? I was mad! I bought a pretty toy, and thought to while away with it my hours of meditation—to use it as a charm to banish memory. Instead, it shows me every hour the falsity of my reasoning, and holds up to my tortured sight the might have been. Why do I still love you? Why do I not rather curse you? Why do you come here, day after day, to add fuel to the flame?"

I will never come again, Pierce. I thought, I prayed, you had long ceased to love me; but in this last moment I will tell you the truth. I did not deceive you; you were mad with jealous doubts, and I too proud to explain to you the truth—therefore I sent you from me. I thought you would come back; I did not dream—"

Her voice choked.

"That I could be such mad insensate fool," he finished, taking up her words. "Ah Pauline, my one only love—" he added, under his breath.

"Hush!" she commanded, imperiously. "Be a man and true to your manhood. Edna loves you better than I know how to love, prehaps—better than any man deserves. She is a simple child; honor her for it. I will not come here more; I will make to her some excuse. But, oh, make her happy, Pierce! What matters it to you and me? Our happiness is lost, but do not let that fact lead hers astray. See I fall on my knees—I plead to you—I kiss your hand! By all that is pure in her pure life, do not let her dream your chains are not of flowers! It would kill her, as the cruel wind blasts with a single breath the shrinking, sensitive plant. Your soul is noble; prove it so. Be gentle, be loving, be tender. By the memory of your every hope for the future—by the memory, if that may sway you, of your once love for me—I—"

At that instant the portiere was swept back. Edna stood upon the threshold, but an Edna transformed from the timid, shrinking girl into a lioness. Her eyes flashed; her slight figure was almost tall, in its indignation drawing to its full height; her voice rang out, clear and scornful.

"You need not fear," she said. "I have only heard your last sentence. I would not play eaves-dropper a single instant—not even to more thoroughly expose the falseness of the woman who thus plays traitor to my husband. By the memory of his love for you. How dare you say that? He never loved you? Pierce, tell me that you never loved her!"

She sprang to his side and twined her hands about his arm.

"Edna," he said, "you are doing the bitterest wrong—I—"

Another minute and he would have told her all the truth, but Pauline had by this time regained her feet.

"Hush," she commanded him. "Not a single word! What could you say that would not further wreck her happiness? Nor would the storm which devastates her drive our ships into harbor. Goodby, Edna! Think of me as gently as you can. We both loved him. Let that plead my excuse."

Once her glance fell on his face. Again it entreated him in its voiceless eloquence to leave her in her belief, then she turned and left them. Without all was dark, but, thank God! she might yet look within.

The man's own unworthiness smote him as Edna fell weeping pitifully in his arms. He felt a coward, that he dared not vindicate the noble woman who had left them, but the blow would strike with cruelest force on her who had done no wrong. His silence was his own bitterest punishment; but at least he might atone.

Very gentle, very tender he was to his child-wife. She no longer shrank at an impudent word, or missed a something in her life. It seemed full to repletion—so full that when, at the close of one more short year, God called her to lay it down, she clung to the sweet boon with arms close pressed about her husband's neck.

"You never loved her?" she said, in that last hour. "Tell me, darling!" She tried to win you from me, but failed?"

"She never tried, my love. She taught me, rather, to love you."

She thought he meant that he thus had judged between them, and was content.

"Tell her," she whispered, "that I forgive her now, because she loved you, even though her love was false and wicked. Oh Pierce, how could any woman help loving you?"

They laid her away to rest, with her baby daughter on her breast, and they were honest tears of love, repentance and remorse, which Pierce Haywood shed upon the new made grave. Then he went abroad, and the world, looking at him, said that he had loved his wife in very deed, and wondered yet the more.

But after two years travel here to go straightway into Pauline Irving's presence. She was alone in the room into which the servant ushered him, and looked up with a great joy in the beautiful eyes.

"I am come at last Pauline, my love! my love!" he said, advancing toward her with outstretched arms.

She let her weary head fall on his heart.

"And I have been waiting," she answered— "waiting always! I thought that I was tired, but I never shall be tired again."

Their secret was their own now, and they belonged each to the other. Yes, the secret was their own; but, in heaven, did Edna share it?

Scientific Progress.

The section of the Brazilian submarine cable from Para to Cayenne is useless, owing to the destruction of its insulation by fish bites. These bites take place only within a distance of forty miles skirting the coast of an island in the estuary of the Amazon. Examinations show that the cable is attacked by some powerful fish, whose jaws crush the iron sheathing of the

cables and displace the insulating substances.

A French chemist has obtained a very valuable oil from kernels of grape—the refuse left after distilling brandy, or making verdigris, being dried and ground fine in an ordinary mill, and the yield of oil is in direct proportion to the fineness of the grinding. The oil is sweeter than nut oil, and remains fluid at a lower temperature. When burned in lamps it gives a bright, smokeless, colorless and agreeable flame.

The Hand-Painting Craze.

From the Boston Transcript.

Never before was there such a rage for industrial art work, particularly in the domain of painting on porcelain and silk and satin, as seems about to set in this autumn. Cultivated people at the more secluded and select seaside resorts are reported to have had hand-painting on the brain this summer. Nearly everything they wore was "hand-painted," and they would as soon have thought of admitting a horrid chromo or engraving into their cottages as a vase or an article of furniture decorated otherwise than with the brush. People who have returned early from Europe report that hand-painting apparel is the very latest and newest thing among the "nobility of the nob's" in both London and Paris, and that the most "utterly utter" fancy of all is for a lady to paint designs of her own on her parasols, ribbons, draperies and so on.

A lady artist in Philadelphia says the tendency of designs this season will be toward the quaint and whimsical. An owl on a branch, or a wrecked hull with a croaking frog in sight and the moon overhead, will be one. The Castle of Chillon telling the story of Byron's poem will be a popular sketch. The figures painted on dress goods will be mainly flowers, birds and insects. "This is a sample of French organdie with painted clusters of moss roses, as you see," she said, while displaying some of her handiwork, "and I am about painting gladioli and other flowers for Mr. Wanamaker on some of the new moire antique silk stripes which he has imported from Europe, and which are to be all the rage. The goods will be sold by the yard, but, of course, can only be purchased by the wealthy, and the dresses, when made up, will be hand-painted all over." Gentlemen's neckties are to be painted this season. A great feature in household decoration will be the introduction "potpourri aromatique," or the old-fashioned "sweet jars," filled with rose-leaves.

How She Cured Him of Swearing.

The husband of a certain Nashville lady was, before his marriage, a furious swearer. Through his wife's influence he left off his bad habit except one favorite curse word, which clung to him under all circumstances, and which to the annoyance of his good wife, he would unconsciously use everywhere—the word "damn." Several months since, he awoke one cold morning, before the servant came in to make the wood fire, and after a long effort and fruitless burning of many matches, turned and said, "Sallie, this damn fire won't burn." To this the good wife earnestly said, "Yes, the damn wood is to green, and the damn servant has forgotten to bring up any damn kindling wood to start the damn fire with." He looked at his wife in absolute dismay, but at once saw the point and said nothing. A longer period than usual passed without the favorite expletive being used, but later on he wanted a basket and said after looking for it, "Sallie, where has the damn basket got to?" The wife quietly, as if putting a child to sleep, said: "Ask the damn cook to get the damn basket—damn her, she keeps it." As before he said nothing, but months have passed, and if he damns anything it is not where she is. She says it was like taking quinine, and she always went and washed out her mouth afterwards, but he is cured.

DRUGGISTS.

W. M. A. HOLLEMBACK, Drugs and Medicines, No. 92 Main street.

J. P. DUNN & CO., Drugs and Medicines, No. 92 Main street.

PETERSON, VEEDER & CO., Drugs and Medicines, No. 32 Main street.

CROCKERY.

JOHN WHALEN, Crockery and Glassware, No. 44 Main street.

MARKETS.

J. STUSTIS BRAGG, Montana Market, No. 26 Main street.

T. W. GRIFFIN, General Market, No. 72 Main street.

REAL ESTATE.

JAS. A. EMMONS, Real Estate Agent, No. 68 Main street.

W. M. S. BENNETT, Real Estate Agent, No. 94 Main street.

F. LANNERY & WETHERBY, Real Estate Agents, No. 47 Main street.

HOTELS.

SHERIDAN HOUSE, E. H. Bly, Proprietor, Main street, between Fourth and Fifth.

MERCHANTS HOTEL, Marsh & Wakeman, Proprietors, No. 50 Main street.

WESTERN HOUSE, J. G. Malloy, Proprietor, No. 96 Main street.

CUSTER HOTEL, Thos. McGowan, Proprietor, No. 13 North Fifth street.

PACIFIC HOTEL, Louis Peterson, Proprietor, No. 31 North Fourth street.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL, Leo & Atchison, Proprietors, No. 14 Second street.

RIVER HOTEL, Wm. Eades, Proprietor, Steamboat Landing.

CONFECTIIONERY.

HARRY BARRETT, 36½ Main street.

W. H. STIMPSON, No. 64 Main street.

WALTER STERLAND, 68½ Main street.

AMUSEMENTS.

BISMARCK OPERA HOUSE, Sam. Whitnev, Proprietor, No. 60 Main street.

A DELPHIA VARIETIES, R. J. Truax, Proprietor, No. 16 North Fourth street.

A RCADE GARDEN, Den Howe & Co., Proprietors, No. 102 Main street.

STEAMBOAT LINES.

COULSON LINE, D. W. Maratta, Superintendent, No. 12 South Fourth street.

NORTHWEST TRANSPORTATION CO., J. C. O'Connor, Agent, No. 9 North Fourth street.

BENTON "P" LINE, I. P. Baker, Agent, No. 71 Main street.

LOCAL LEAVINGS.

The Black Hills arrived at Buford yesterday.

The steamer General Meade will leave for up river this morning.

The Gen. Torry was at Buford yesterday, and will reach here Sunday.

the lower story for school purposes. The building is 19x42. The upper story will be filled up for sleeping rooms.

Dr. Porter has erected a building on Third street next to the tenement cottages owned by Chas. Williams and has rented

The Board of Education has decided to adopt the Appleton series of school books provided they can be secured upon the exchange plan.

The bridge at O'Fallon's creek was completed on Tuesday, and tracklaying has commenced again. The cars are now run thirty two miles west of Glendive.

John Whalen has received a car load of glassware and fancy crockery from Trenton, New Jersey. It will do the ladies good to call in and see the new stock.

The passenger train was delayed five hours yesterday by waiting for the train from Duluth which was delayed by the recent rains and wet weather in that section.

John Veedor has ordered a large tent, to be used for camping out. As soon as the tent arrives, a hunting party will be formed, who will be absent a week or ten days.

A gentleman from Poplar river yesterday offered a servant girl \$30 a month and transportation to work in a private family during the winter and the offer was refused.

The best way to avoid the imposition of those who sell three-quarters of a cord of wood and charge full price for a cord is to lay in a stock of coal, Baby Mine or hard coal at Raymond's.

Information is wanted as to the whereabouts of Frankie Murax, until yesterday a waiter in the Merchants hotel. Any information in regard to her mysterious disappearance will be thankfully received by Marsh & Wakeman.

A sale of quartermaster stores occurs at Fort Yates, October 5th. It embraces harness, spades, picks, shovels, cook and heating stoves, carpenter tools. There are but two horses in the schu'e which may be seen at the postoffice.

Harry Carahon has left specimens of potatoes at Thurston's weighing one and one-fourth pounds, which have grown since the hail storm in August. Harry thought his crop entirely destroyed, but finds he will have about one hundred bushels of potatoes.

Eighteen car loads of Montana cattle were shipped from Bismarck yesterday for the Chicago market. There are 150 car loads of cattle and 35 car loads of sheep in addition to those already forwarded to be shipped this fall, and a large number more are expected.

Better late than never. Two young men who move in the very best Fargo society, went on a spree not long since. After they were pretty well under way one of them said in an inebriate tone of voice: "Let's bid each other good night, Bill." "Why you aint going home already? Its right in the shank of the evening. "Of course. I'm not going home now, but after a while we won't know each other from a shide of sole leather, shoo let's shay good night right now before it's too late. They embraced.

PURELY PERSONAL.

W. M. Faulkner, of St. Paul, is in the city.

E. H. Lee, of Glendive, arrived from the west last evening.

A. Terwilliger, of the Fargo Argus, is registered at the Merchants.

Mr. M. H. Jewell, of the TRIBUNE, returned from his Chicago trip last evening.

Walter Draper, the Mandan hardware merchant, arrived from the east on the delayed train last evening.

Walter Draper, who returned from the east last evening desires the TRIBUNE to send word in advance to his friends in Mandan that he has not been married during his absence, as has been reported.

Goldie West, recently of the Fargo Argus was on last evening's train en route for Mandan.

Otto Hill, of Powder River; Geo. H. Russell, Miles City; J. A. Uber, Fort Maginnis; John L. Quigley, D. S. Alten, Minneapolis, are at the Western house.

Mrs. Parker, the charming wife of conductor Parker, of the Missouri division, arrived from Minneapolis last evening on route to Glendive, where she will remain this winter.

F. H. Ertel, the proprietor of the proposed new paper at Mandan, arrived on last evening's train. In the spring he will start an afternoon paper, taking his dispatches from the Morning TRIBUNE.

P. O. Chilstrom, Dr. Henry W. Coe, Skip Gifford, Mandan; C. B. Keene, Dr. Geo. I. McLeod, Philadelphia; S. J. Wal-

lace, Minneapolis; Chas. Stanart and wife, A. L. Palmer, Audubon, N. Y.; R. L. Palmer, Warren, Minn.; Maj. A. Comba, Bad Lands; August Laurenson, Fergus Falls, are at the Sheridan house.

Bucking the Tiger.

[Saratoga Correspondence.]

One evening, recently, the saloon of a well known gamester from the Hub was the scene of intense excitement owing to the large sums that were being wagered. Senators, lawyers, merchants, brokers and gamblers crowded around the table, eager to see the high rollers (a name given to the heaviest players), and to try their luck at the same time. Frequently as much as \$5,000 would be bet on a single card, and one could hear a pin drop while the dealer slowly drew the cards from the box. For hours the game went on, people coming and going all the time. At midnight the place was crowded, and the bank had won nearly \$40,000. The manager smiled sardonically as one after another left the house, each being losers of several thousands. Then the battle commenced in earnest between the gamblers and the bank. For a short time the fickle goddess showered her smiles upon the latter. The players only seemed to grow more reckless and increased the stakes. Fortune at last smiled upon their efforts, and the bank began to pay out steadily, until soon after the first faint streaks of morning light stole through the crevices of the window blinds, when the play abruptly ceased and the players slowly vacated the scene. The bank was broken and a loser to the amount of \$50,000. The tiger lay prostrate at the feet of its captors. Seldom has such a heavy game been seen at Saratoga. A prominent turfite won \$10,000, another \$7,000, while one individual whose capital consisted of \$15 when he entered the bank, retired happy with over a thousand dollars in his pocket. A celebrated high roller known as Idaho Dick won \$10,000, but it benefited him little. Proceeding immediately from the scene of victory to another lair of the tiger, he became its victim and left the place without a nickel.

The Reporter's Friend.

[Chambers Journal.]

A good story is told of Lord Palmerston's experience of unfortunate reporters. A London scribe having heard that his lordship was to be present at an archery meeting in a small country village in Hampshire, posted down to the place and attended the meeting. Lord Palmerston's task was to distribute prizes to some half dozen blushing young ladies, and the whole number present did not number much above a score. His lordship performed the task with his customary grace and good humor, giving the young ladies a kindly pat on the head, but making only the most commonplace observations. The reporter waited anxiously in his place until, to his horror, he saw the proceedings brought to a close without any formal speech from the premier. This was more than he could stand. He rushed from his corner to the noble lord, who was passing out of the room. "My Lord, I beg your pardon, but really this won't do." "What do you mean?" was the reply of the astonished statesman. "Why, you've made no speech." I have come all the way from London to report it, and I must have a speech of some sort." Whereupon, it is on record that the good tempered old gentleman turned back, and retained the retreating audience for twenty minutes, while he gave them a genial dissertation on the good qualities of English women in general, and the Hampshire lasses in particular.

A Word to the Wise.

[Detroit Free Press.]

In the classic shades of Deadwood the average native is not very choice in selecting the language used in advertising a runaway wife. The notices are usually written and posted in the postoffices and saloon, where they will catch the eyes of a majority of the population. A recent one reads as follows: "My wife Sarah has Shook my ranche. When I dident Doe a darned thing Too hur an' I want it des tinctly Understood that any man That tak's hur In an' keers fur hur On my ac count will git himself pumped so Full of lead that Sun tenderfoot will Locate him fur a Mineral clame. If she runs Hur face fur goods I won't Put up fur her, an I'll lick the son-of-a-tor-nade that talks hur stand-off even fur the drinx, a word To the wise is sufficient an orter work on fools too."

Disappearance of a Mine.

"It don't do to fool with giant powder," said an old-timer yesterday, in the Boomeng office. "It's powerful stuff. I had a \$10,000 mine over in the Queen of Sheba district in '53, called the Gashallhemlock claim. I was offered \$10,000 for it, with \$5,000 in sagebrush placer stock besides, if she opened up as well ten feet further down. We put in a blast of giant powder, and when we went to make an examination we couldn't find the Gashallhemlock with an assessor and a search warrant. The hole was there, but there wasn't quartz enough to throw at yaller dog. My

idea is to sell a mine just before you put in the giant powder, and then if the buyer wants to blow the property into the middle of the next Christmas, let him do it."

Guiteau as a Glutton.

[N. Y. Star Sept. 23d.]

Guiteau has increased considerably in weight, at least ten pounds, during his incarceration. Within the past few days (since the death of the president) he has eaten ravenously. Whether this is the result of fear or not is not known, but certain it is he now eats fully 50 per cent. more than the average prisoner. He is still on sick diet, and with his bread and milk devours an immense amount of meat. For several weeks after his confinement he seemed to have but little care on his mind other than to make himself a great hero, but he is now anything else than a hero, even in his own estimation, having since the death of the president become so frightened that the least noise fills him with alarm. After filling his stomach, his next great care is to keep his carcass whole. Since Sergt. Mason shot at the prisoner, the soldiers on guard in the building never see him, and some of the regular guards only occasionally. Yesterday afternoon he wrote one or two letters and retired at his usual hour. This morning he took a prodigious meal, even larger than usual, and would have eaten more if it had been given him. After this he was allowed half an hour's exercise, and made good use of his time. He then lay down, evidently in some pain from overloading his stomach. Lying on his couch, he was seen by some of the guards, and as they approached he fairly trembled. It was noticed that when he was up he fairly trembled or panted, and was evidently under the impression that there was a crowd coming.

A Startling Charge.

[Chicago Times.]

Certain revelations made to-day to the Times correspondent by unquestioned authority of the inner history of the post mortem examination of the body of General Garfield, will create a shock throughout the country second only to that as as sination of July 2. These revelations show that the president might have lived; at least they show that the

REPORT OF THE AUTOPSY IS FALSE, and that, had it not been for General McVeagh, even a portion of the reluctant truth placed in the report would have been suppressed. What will the public think when it learns that General Garfield did not die from any result of the wound made by the bullet, but from a cause that probably could have been remedied in the early days of the case. The original track of the wound had fairly healed and the ball itself had become completely encysted. If it had not been for the blood poisoning, the president would have been a well man to-day. The blood poisoning proceeded from imperfect drainage of the wound the second day. A clot of blood that might have been taken out with an aspirator was the cause of the blood poisoning and the huge abscess upon the kidney. The spine was reported as injured in the autopsy, so that this would appear to be a mortal hurt, but it is said upon high authority that the post mortem revealed nothing of this kind. The spinal column was not harmed, and if there was a slight injury of the vertebra it would not have been serious. After the funeral is over, Gen. Swain, an eminent physician, and Dr. Boynton will reveal the inner secrets of the post mortem.

A Curious Jewel.

[Hartford Evening Post.]

Mr. David Mayer, the jeweler, has just had sent to him by his European agent a very rare and valuable gem in what is called an Alexandria, these gems being named after the Czar of Russia. They are found in Siberia and are a great rarity.

In the daylight it looks like a great emerald, but in the gaslight it changes to a deep red, resembling a ruby very much. It is the only one ever brought to Hartford, and there are but a few in the United States. It is worth seeing and is very costly.

A Prophecy Fulfilled.

Long Branch special: One of the peculiar incidents in connection with the tragedy is the prediction made by R. D. Mussey, a well known lawyer of this city, and a personal friend of the late President. On Saturday, August 27, the physicians gave the President up, announcing to Mrs. Garfield and the cabinet that he could not live. Gen. Mussey was asked about his opinion being on the evening of that day in New York. He said he did not think the President would die on that day, and that, if he died at all, it would be on September 19. Asked for an explanation of his cause for fixing the death so far in the future, he said that on September 19, 1863, General Garfield was made a major general for his gallantry at the battle of Chickamauga, and that he had frequently told him he thought he would die on the anniversary of his promotion. General Gar-

field was a great believer in dates, and the verification of the prediction under the circumstances is regarded as one of the most strange incidents in connection with the case. General Mussey is here now, and on being asked to-day in regard to it, said he did not claim anything for his prophecy, which was printed the following day in several papers, but he only repeated what General Garfield had told him several times with an earnestness that impressed him so much that he never forgot it.

The Man With Bouquets.

[Philadelphia Times.]

"I just dropped in, like," said Bouquet Johnny, apologetically, as he seated himself yesterday on one of the steps leading to the reportorial eryrie of the Times and fanned himself vigorously with his straw hat. His appearance has changed but little since he last visited Philadelphia, except that his shoulders are a trifle more rounded, and his gait indicates that rheumatism had settled in his hip. During the thirty odd years that he has been engaged in this business Johnny has visited every American and many European cities, and his varied experiences would fill a big book.

"My right name is Bower, but I almost forgot it at times. You bet, I've sold flowers to every prominent man in America, from Brigham Young to Boss Tweed; but the softest snap I ever had in the way of customers were fellows who were gone on actresses. Why, it would curl your hair to know the amount of money a man named Marston, of New Orleans, spent in flowers for an English burlesque actress. He got struck in New York and got me to order \$500 worth of flowers in one week. It cost him \$200 in Philadelphia, and in Baltimore the front of the stage was jammed with bouquets. I followed Marston to Chicago, and sold him altogether about \$3,000 worth of flowers. Another man followed Miss Neilson clear through to San Francisco and I followed him. He was mashed on her and I was mashed on him, See?" The idea of Johnny's being "mashed," as he put it, on the flower-buyer, seemed to take his fancy greatly, and he smiled and repeated the expression several times.

"He was the chap that put up \$500 for a single bouquet for Neilson. There were 200 Marshal Neil rosebuds in it, and they cost from 75c to \$1 apiece. Oh, he was an oyster. For over a year I sold two bouquets a day to Jim Fisk, and he paid for them every Monday morning. I went into Daniel Drew's office one day with a \$25 bouquet. Jim Fisk was sitting there, and he bought the flowers, tied a diamond ring to the bunch with cigar ribbon, and gave me \$2 to take it to Josie Mansfield. Vanderbilt didn't know no more about flowers than he did about cabbages. Twenty years ago he stood me up for a \$5 bouquet at Saratoga, and a month afterwards when I met him on Broadway and asked him for the money, he gave me fifty cents. Lester Wallack for many years had a button hole bouquet from me every morning. John Brughan and Charley Thorne are very fond of button-hole bouquets, and so was Southern. Just to show you what flats some men are, when the Prince of Wales was in New York, a gentleman came out of the Fifth Avenue hotel and said: "I must have three camellias." They can't be had in the city," I replied. "Get them anywhere you please, and never mind the expense," he said. I came to Philadelphia that afternoon, and succeeded in getting ten camellias, for which I paid \$10. That evening the gentleman at the Fifth Avenue gave me \$20 a piece for three of the camellias. I told him they were the only ones to be had for love or money, and would you believe it, although I tried all night to sell the other seven, I couldn't get a quarter apiece for them.

A Costly Dinner.

The most costly dinner ever served by the famous Delmonico, lately deceased, was that given 15 years or so ago to 100 prominent citizens of New York by the silver-tongued adventurer from England, Sir Morton Peto. This ostentatious individual expended \$20,000 on that one night's entertainment, \$200 for each guest. The first citizens of New York were present, victims of the oily scamp's pretentious phrases. In a review of that dinner, the Times has described it as a "marvel of skill and art and extravagance. The saloon was smothered in the rarest flowers, the menu was in guilt on embroidered satin; some of the wine cost \$25 a bottle; the cleverest musicians were engaged at fancy prices; Clara Louise Kellogg had \$1,000 for two songs, and a present beside of a diamond bracelet. In all probability such a dinner had never been served in the republic; it would have delighted Soyer and Francatelli, and had the ancient Greek Philoxenus been there he would have again wished for the neck of a crane that he might longer enjoy the passage of so many dainties down his greedy throat."

Before marriage, with wonderful care she seeks the mirror and bangs her hair. After marriage, with angry glare, she grabs her slipper, and bangs her hair.

MANDAN.

Local Items.

L Gill, Esq., has returned from Glendive.

Walter Draper will be at home next week.

Mr. Mark Bateman is building a house in block two.

Ward & Baehr are moving their stock into their new store in block five.

Mr. T. J. Mitchell is arranging to move into the house lately occupied by Mr. Mark Bateman.

The lumber for the school house is being put on the ground and the building will be commenced in a few days.

Mr. Ben Chansen, at Bismarck, while visiting friends at Mandan on Monday last, engaged in an exciting fox hunt.

Mr. T. R. Selmes spent yesterday in Bismarck. His mother has come up to visit him and will remain several days.

One of the branches of business most needed here is a harness shop. One would do well, and should be started at once.

Mr. Plat Bristol has been heard from and is rapidly improving in health, which his Mandan friends are delighted to hear.

General Manager Haupt, in company with Mr. Morgan, of Drexel, Morgan & Co., of New York, passed through Mandan to-day.

Mr. Grinnell is working on his new house, which when completed will be his residence. The others that he has built he has disposed of.

Judge Henry Souther, of Erie, Pa., passed through town yesterday on a buffalo hunt. He is one of the leading lawyers of that state.

Mr. Joe Hager shot a deer within five miles of town a few days ago. The boarders at Quinn's restaurant have had the pleasure of eating it.

T. G. Cottlett, Esq., of Burlington, Iowa, bought some property in the railroad addition to Mandan. A good many lots have been sold already.

A car load of shovels and scrapers are being unloaded to be used at the grading of the approach on this side of the river by Bellows, Fogerty & Co.

A. S. Reed, of Reed & Carr, has gone east to replenish his stock and when he returns will have one of the most complete stock of groceries in town.

A few days ago while Max French was hunting, he shot a goose through the eye. A pretty good shot but Max says he can do it every time and has the papers to prove it?

Mr. F. T. Skidmore, of Brooklyn, N. Y. has been in Mandan several days. He has large interests in the Red river valley and has made some investments here. He leaves this morning.

Mr. E. K. Davis was highly disgusted day before yesterday because his Bismarck friends laughed at him for wearing rubber boots. He does not appreciate the reflection on Mandan made.

Mr. Joseph Miller has opened a candy factory and will hereafter be ready to provide all who desire with fresh and delicious candies. This is a good enterprise, which it is hoped will be